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REPLIES to Mr. KEYNES

# THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

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THE tone of the official protests and the abuse in which some of the British newspapers have indulged in regard to the Moscow arrests have produced a really serious situation. To point out the extreme unwisdom of the arrests and to warn Moscow that British opinion would need good evidence before it believed the story that employees of Metropolitan-Vickers were "sabotaging" their own work in Russia was reasonable enough. But when members of the British Government, without even waiting for the evidence, declare that these arrests must be unjustified, when they utter vague threats and break off trade negotiations, they are behaving in a manner which they would not think of adopting towards any other country and they are surely doing grave injury to the interests of the men who have been arrested. Two of these men had already been released before these denunciations and there was reason to hope that the others would also be released. But the Russian Government is like other Governments in objecting to an appearance of yielding to threats, and, as a result, an incident which would probably have blown over comparatively harmlessly has developed into a serious international imbroglio.

### We are Banned

Though we have received no official communication, we gather from press reports that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in company with the *Week-End Review* has been banned in Germany, and a statement made by the German Ambassador to a delegation from the Anti-war Council confirms the report that the reason for the ban is our repetition of the suggestion that the Nazis were themselves responsible for the burning of the Reichstag. This inference was to be found in numerous other discussions of the curious circumstances that surrounded the event. It was a clear inference, for instance, in the *Times*, and American newspapers were even more explicit. We have no reason to doubt that it was a fair deduction from the circumstances. The *Deutsche Volkswirt* has been suppressed in Germany as a result of a remark that the only way of discovering what is happening in that country is to read the foreign press. We are not very troubled about the ban. A similar ban in Italy some years ago has had the effect of considerably increasing our circulation in that country. Some time ago one of our greatest Press Lords remarked that this paper was so good that he would have to pay it the compliment of attacking it in his newspapers. Herr Hitler has apparently had the same happy idea.

### Financial Policy

Dr. Schacht, having ousted Dr. Luther from the Presidency of the Reichsbank, has issued a reassuring statement of his financial intentions. He has announced that Germany recognises in full her commercial indebtedness, and that his policy will be directed to ensuring the continued stability of the mark. This stability, we are told, is to be anchored in a strengthening of the national economic life; but there is no clue in Dr. Schacht's

broadcast to the correct interpretation of this enigmatic phrase. We are, however, presumably to understand that, for the present at least, there is to be no national inflation in Germany, though it does not appear how this is to be reconciled with Herr Hitler's grandiose promises on the eve of his accession to power. The most likely conclusion is that, for the time at any rate, Dr. Schacht will get his way, and the Nazis' promises, rather than the mark, go to the wall. Meanwhile, in the United States most of the banks are now again open, except in the rural areas, where a large number of them will never open again. There are still severe restrictions on dealings, and these are likely to remain for some time; for the President's policy of weeding out the insolvent involves a large dose of deflation as a first step towards the reorganisation of American banking on sounder lines. There is, at the moment, in most countries a reaction, largely due to the American situation, towards financial orthodoxy, and a renewed demand for a return to the gold standard. But whether this tendency has come to stay it will be impossible to tell till we see how Mr. Roosevelt tackles the next part of his problem.

### The Arrest of Mr. Mitchell

The *New Republic* for March 8th, gives a summary of the charges against the conduct of the National City Bank —a bank which Americans thought to be one of their soundest financial institutions. "After the Wall Street crash, the bank loaned $2,400,000 to its officers, most of which was used to help them carry their speculative obligations. These loans were unsecured and bore no interest. Only 5 per cent. of them have been paid back . . . Mr. Charles E. Mitchell, Chairman of the Board, whose salary was $25,000 a year, received in bonuses from the bank $3,500,000 in three years, a fact which was kept secret from the public . . . Mr. Mitchell in 1929 evaded paying any Income Tax by selling 18,000 shares of National City Bank stock to a member of his family. He thereby established a paper loss of about $2,800,000. Subsequently, he bought back this stock . . . The unsecured loans to officers of the bank in 1929, already referred to, were afterwards written down and transferred in large part to the books of the company . . . The National City Company" (the bank's security affiliate) "gave an option to Dominick and Dominick, a Wall Street brokerage house, for 32,000 shares of National City Bank stock at a price so far below the market that the brokerage house made an automatic and immediate profit of more than $350,000." The news that Mr. Mitchell has now been arrested on an accusation of attempting to evade payment of Federal income tax is not really surprising.

### The Appointment of Mr. Bingham

The Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate has so far refused to ratify the appointment of Mr. Robert Worth Bingham as Ambassador to the Court of St. James'. The delay is caused by the Republican Senator Robinson's charge that Mr. Bingham is unduly pro-British. Though there is little likelihood of the ratification being permanently withheld, Senator Robinson's objection raises an interesting point. Bismarck made a practice of transferring an Ambassador who became too popular in the country where he was stationed; and the story of Anglo-American relations during the World War shows how far the attitude of an Ambassador may affect the course of history. Page, then American Ambassador to London, was so whole-heartedly pro-English that he did not refrain from tempering (and, on one important occasion, suppressing) some of Wilson's more acid notes to the British Government. It is possible that if Page had been hostile to England, instead of deeply friendly, Anglo-American friction over the interference with neutral trade might have checked, for good or ill, the drift of American opinion into hostility against Germany. At a time like the present when there is reason to hope for increasing Anglo-American co-operation on world-problems, it is clearly desirable (from the American as well as the English point of view) that the United States Ambassador in London should be a man who knows, and likes, England. By calling attention to the fact that Mr. Bingham is such a man, Senator Robinson has done something more useful than is customary for him.

### Poland and the League

The Director of the Minorities Section of the League has, after a five months' correspondence, "regretted that . . . it is not possible for him" to name the precise grounds for the League's inability to consider the petition on behalf of the Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia, signed by many members of the Lords and Commons of Great Britain. Poland's military occupation of the three Galician provinces in 1919 was accepted by the 1923 Conference of Ambassadors, but on the express Polish promise of autonomy to that region. As that promise has never been kept, it appears, at least to the Minorities Section of the League, that the Ukrainian minority in question can be no "national minority in Poland" within the meaning of the 1919 treaty between Poland and the League, and the League has no ground, therefore, for examining Polish treatment of the Ukrainians. Such a quibbling travesty of justice goes a long way to explain the discount at which League stock now stands.

### Milk and Marketing

The debate on Major Elliot's Marketing Bill was somewhat unreal. Though the Labour Party opposed the second reading, it was manifest that they were not really against the Bill in principle, but only fearful of abuses in its administration under the present Government, and desirous of strengthening the provisions for public control in the consumers' interest. Sir Herbert Samuel's opposition went much farther, on orthodox free trade lines; but he was more successful in showing that the powers taken in the Bill were liable to be twisted to purely protectionist ends than in revealing fundamental faults in its general conception. Most people now agree that steps must be taken to reorganise agriculture, and that these steps are bound to involve organised marketing, on a basis of compulsory powers. What is of vital concern is that these powers should not be placed in the hands of irresponsible organisations of producers, but should be exercised under a strong control by the State acting as the guardian of the consumers. The milk marketing scheme, published this week by the National Farmers' Union, certainly appears to violate this principle; since it proposes to confer upon bodies wholly representative of the producers (with the doubtful addition of the distributors) powers to regulate both the wholesale and the

retail prices of milk. This is to be done by means of a Marketing Board, with which all producers of milk are to be registered. The Board is to have power itself to buy surplus milk and to manufacture milk products on its own account. Such a monopoly may be the best way of getting the milk trade efficiently organised, as well as helping the producer to get better prices; but obviously it calls for very careful safeguards if the consumers are not to be at its mercy.

### The Means Test

A deputation of M.P.s for the depressed areas was sent this week to interview the Prime Minister. They belonged to all political parties and were deputed by a representative gathering of M.P.s who sit for industrial constituencies. The deputation was instructed to demand that the Government should undertake to bear the entire cost of relief to the able-bodied, that the anomalies between area and area in the administration of the means test should be removed, and that a uniform scale not exceeding standard benefit should be adopted for the whole country, with variations according to locality based on differences in rents and costs of living. Thus even the Tories who sat for industrial areas are now demanding, under strong pressure from their constituents and from the local authorities, a reversal of the policy so enthusiastically imposed with their help when the Government first came to power. In the meantime they have been forced to realise the reactions of this policy on the finances of the municipalities, as well as the indignation which it has caused not only among its victims, but among a far larger body of their constituents. The Government's answer will presumably be that it proposes to deal with the whole question in its proposed Bill arising out of the Report of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance. But the long delay in producing the measure shows that its drafting has not been found at all an easy task. The Government has now to reckon not only with the views of the unemployed and the Labour Party, but also with a growing revolt among its own followers.

### Local Economy

The Minister of Health has sent out a circular dealing with the report of the notorious Ray Committee on Local Expenditure. His comments and recommendations are likely to be coldly received by the back-bench advocates of "national economy." For what has become of the £35,000,000 to £40,000,000 which the Ray Committee expected the Local Authorities to "save"? The Minister deprecates any general cutting down of municipal wages and salaries. He points out that while some administrative economies may be possible in the health services it is also necessary to provide for their expansion, and "a measure of development and new expenditure is inevitable." He stresses the need for developing the maternity and child welfare services, and joins issue with the Committee over its proposal to curtail the services provided for the mentally defective. He points out that the re-equipment of Poor Law Infirmaries as General Hospitals involves the raising of standards, and recommends that this process should be allowed to go on. In fact, while paying lip-service to the ideas prevalent when the Ray Committee was set up, the Minister in effect dismisses a good many of its proposals as the pernicious nonsense they are. This is not to say that the Ministry of Health is now prepared to advocate a policy of "wise spending" to anything like the extent we believe to be right. But the new circular does at any rate show signs of a significant move back in the direction of common sense.

### Slow Speeding-up

The interim report of the Business of Courts Committee contains those recommendations on which the members were unanimous. The "Farce of the Grand Jury"—to quote the title of a recent article in this paper—is to be abolished, and what Lord Justice Scrutton calls the "right of juries to go wrong" will be curtailed. Whether juries are summoned or not in civil cases is to be left to the discretion of a judge. This reform obviates the frequently ludicrous delay and expense of an appeal followed by a new trial in cases when a judge has misdirected the jury, or the jury have gone too outrageously wrong. We doubt whether anyone will regret this except those counsel whose brilliance mainly lies in the manipulation of prejudice. The Long Vacation is to be reduced to eight weeks—quite long enough—and there are further reforms for expediting ordinary actions, doing away with dishonest defences and shearing off the stiff mediaeval frills that encase "Crown Proceedings." Stimulated by this hors d'oeuvre we shall watch with interest what recommendations, if any, the Committee will have to make on such broad and ticklish questions as the right of appeal to the House of Lords, and the present artificial splitting of the legal profession into two distinct branches, and the resultant multiplication of costs and labour. But we doubt if the Committee will have much to say about fundamentals.

### Our Housing Study Visits

The second of our housing study visits took place last Saturday. The inclusion of the North Kensington rehousing area was greatly appreciated, and the same route—St. Pancras, North Kensington, Watling and Welwyn—will be followed by the next party on Friday, March 24th. The visits have been remarkably successful, and we only regret that time did not permit us to accept the cordial invitations extended from Bethnal Green Housing Association and Letchworth Garden City. One of the principal objects of these visits, however, is to set people investigating for themselves along the right lines, and those whose thirst for knowledge is not yet satisfied are advised to write direct to the Bethnal Green Housing Association, 21 Old Ford Road, E.2, and to visit Letchworth Garden City. They may also care to avail themselves of the open invitation to the New Houses for Old Exhibition, which has been arranged by a Committee of Voluntary Societies at 24 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. This exhibition is free to the public from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. every day until April 1st. It was opened this week by Sir Edward Hilton-Young who blessed the work of the voluntary societies. But those who are aware of the dimensions of the slum problem know that invaluable as the pioneer work of voluntary societies has been they cannot do more than touch the fringes of the slums. We need not a blessing, but a constructive housing policy from the Minister of Health.

# THE END OF A TABOO

WITH a mixture of feelings, in which fear predominates over disgust, Western Europe is adjusting itself to the new fact of Hitler's triumph. That is the meaning both of Mr. MacDonald's initiative at Geneva, and of the proposals which he accepted in Rome. A new and immeasurable force has burst into the calculations of statesmen, a Germany that will no longer bend and retire, a dangerous, aggressive Power that will wreck the framework in which it is cramped, unless its rights are promptly recognised, and its ambitions satisfied.

Human nature in this posture is not at its best. Peoples which themselves practise tolerance, repress, as best they may, the loathing and indignation which the Nazi orgies of brutality against Socialists and Jews inspire. They shrug their shoulders, and content themselves with the comment that if Germans choose to degrade their own standards and impoverish their own culture that is their affair. They witness the destruction of Republican democracy with regret and apprehension, but they make it clear that this will in no way affect their discharge of their duties as Germany's neighbours. On the contrary they make haste to concede to this Nazi-cum-Junker regime what they had steadfastly refused to Republican governments of the Centre and the Left.

In this attitude the Western Powers are doubtless wise. To obey a reasonable fear may be undignified, but to disregard it might be suicidal. To sixty-five million Germans we owe this belated recognition of their place in the European family; we ought not to refuse it because we dislike their present leaders. Nor should we forget that it is our long delay of justice that has made Hitler dictator. If we had conceded to Stresemann or Brüning one half of what we are yielding to Von Papen and Hitler the Nazi movement would have sunk into oblivion, and the German Republic would to-day be facing an assured future.

To this assent, however, we would make two qualifications. It is reasonable that the new Germany should inspire mistrust and even fear, but one may easily fall into exaggeration. The Nazi movement is not primarily directed against the victors of Versailles. It is a phase of the German class-war, and its objective is avowedly the "extermination" of the "Marxist" enemy. It must, indeed, enlarge Germany's status in the world, end reparations, and attain equality in arms. But it has canalised hatred against Socialists and Jews: it has never directed it against the French. Looking for a "foreign" enemy, Jews are safer quarry. It follows that the Nazis have no emotional need of war abroad; their sadist nationalism is fully satisfied at home. One likes it no better on that account, but one may fear it less. In the second place, while we should oppose any policy of intervention, or even of discrimination, against Nazi Germany, we are not condemned to silence over the outrages on Socialists, Communists and Jews. About these public opinion has the right and the duty to speak with the utmost plainness. There are ways, some public, some private, in which the Government can, and should, make itself in this matter the spokesman of public opinion.

It is in this context that we have deliberately chosen to consider Mr. MacDonald's proposals at Geneva. They do not mean disarmament. They are a plan for adjusting European armaments to German claims. That, indeed, is confessed in their limitations, for they extend neither to America nor to Asia. Viewed from this angle, they are a realistic register of the fact that Europe will not disarm down to Germany's level, and at the same time a qualified permission to that Power to arm up to the standards of her neighbours. In compiling them Mr. MacDonald has added little of his own to the material already accumulated at Geneva. The Hoover scheme is scrapped. There remain (1) the French proposals for a uniform system of short-service militias, and (2) the somewhat interested reckonings of the British Admiralty and War Office. The former Mr. MacDonald has edited severely, the latter he reproduces intact.

Out of the French scheme tumbles bodily the whole of the ambitious plan for a tightened apparatus of "security"—the arrangements for detecting and naming an aggressor, the League's air-force that was to bomb him out of hand, the placing of offensive arms at the League's disposal. In place of all this appears a rather vague plan for consultation under the Kellogg Pact. It is interesting, first because it seems finally to dispose of the League Covenant, and secondly because it recognises the Great Powers as the only factors entitled to take a major decision in the government of the world. What remains of the French scheme is merely the militia plan, extended in plain terms to Germany, and qualified by the right accorded to France to possess a colonial army equal to her home militia. The place, in this scheme, of professional forces and party formations is not yet clear. It is probable, none the less, that the French will accept this scheme as a basis of discussion.

The other source of Mr. MacDonald's inspiration is plainly legible. With a naivety so startling as to be almost masterly he proposes to postpone all naval disarmament to a more convenient occasion, and leaves untouched the supremacy of British sea-power over all its Continental rivals. This done, he goes on to suggest an immense increase in the relative strength of the British air-arm. The eventual abolition of air-forces belongs to the higher realms of ethical aspiration. What matters here below is that the French will be disarmed in the air to an equality with ourselves. It is salutary that artillery above field-gun calibre should disappear, and one must congratulate the War Office on a limitation of the tonnage of tanks which will deprive it only of a single specimen.

Of the bargaining points which Mr. MacDonald has left them, the Germans will, of course, make full use. Silently thankful for the cancelling of the Versailles clauses, for a militia, for equality in guns, and for tanks, they are vocally clamant for an air-force, and (rather less urgently) for a few submarines. It will be difficult, after conceding their equality to the Poles in land armaments, to refuse for the defence of Berlin an air-force equal to Warsaw's resources for attack.

A bigger vista than Geneva opened up was disclosed at Rome. Mussolini's plan is decorated with the usual clauses that renounce force, and proclaim the will to co-operate. These are as much a matter of form in any modern treaty as the professions of a faith in God which belonged to the older diplomatic convention. The one reality in Mussolini's draft that interests Europe is the proposal (however worded) which it is supposed to contain,

that the four Western Great Powers should spend the next five years in revising the dispositions of Versailles. There are manifest difficulties on which we do not choose to dwell—the standing of Poland and the Little Entente in these debates, and the function of the League. Everyone knows in his heart that in fact only these four Powers dare initiate or could impose far-ranging changes. How wide does Mussolini's vision sweep? If it includes Danzig and the Corridor, does it stretch to Austria's right of self-determination? If it smiles on Hungary and other Italian clients, what will it claim for Italy herself? Does it propose, as rumour has it, to restore the German colonies? Is it busied solely with the map, or will it consider the cultural rights of minorities and the economic interests of a Balkanised Continent?

To these questions we do not know the answer; perhaps there is none to know. What interests us hopefully is that at last a statesman has dared to break the taboo on revision. The word has been spoken, and now it will echo in a deafening *crescendo* round our Continent. Spoken at last by three Great Powers (for one may assume Mr. MacDonald's assent and Hitler's), it cannot be silenced by the reluctance of the fourth—if, indeed, France is, in her heart, reluctant. This is to deal at last with the European problem. The Treaties lay on the surface, a manifest reason why the League failed to function, and none of us dared disarm. Deeper roots there doubtless are, bedded in the structure of our society itself. This bold move from Rome offers, while it leaves the foundations of our present civilisation intact, the best hope of rebuilding its super-structure.

# THE FUTURE OF INDIA

TAKING a long view, the setting up of a democratic Federal Government for three hundred and fifty million people may well be the most important event of this decade. The future of Asia and of Western civilisation depend upon the success or failure of this scheme. The new constitution will not be an experiment, like the Morley-Minto or the Montagu reforms. Once a Federal Government has come into being it will begin, if it is any good at all, to develop a vitality of its own. Its connections with England will be modified by precedents and by the force of circumstances. However unsatisfactory may be the surroundings of its birth, nothing can alter the basic fact that a new and immensely important entity is to be brought into being. The Indian Federal Government may be a stable and powerful factor in world politics when the whole structure of European society has been altered out of recognition.

Nothing could be less inspiring than the bald announcement of this event in the official White Paper. It is a typical production of the India Office, written by people ignorant of India and out of sympathy with her people. Here is a document of overwhelming importance to every inhabitant of India, yet it was obviously drawn up without the faintest regard to its effect upon the millions in that country, but only with an eye to a handful of disgruntled Conservative politicians and a few retired and senile officials. The most powerful factor in present-day Indian politics is distrust of British intentions, the fear—well justified by many incidents in the past—that the Government of India will, in Lord Lytton's phrase of fifty years ago, " take every means in their power of breaking to the heart the words of promise they had uttered to the ear." In order to placate a few Englishmen nothing has been done to dispel this fear. The date of inaugurating the new constitution is always held to be a vital point, but it is left dependent upon such uncertain factors as the " successful " working of a reserve bank which has still to be founded, and the restoration of " India's normal export surplus." The insistence upon half the States joining the Federation also suggests to Indian minds the possibility of delay and intrigue.

The drafting of the White Paper with the primary object of satisfying Conservative elements in England has led to an absurd over-emphasis upon the question of "safeguards," and to an ambiguity which can only be intentional. Apart from the emergency powers of the Viceroy and the Governors, the most important safeguards are those which deal with finance and with defence. Although it is stated that these have been framed " in the common interests of India and the United Kingdom " little attempt has been made to justify this statement. The Viceroy, it appears, is to have a Financial Adviser, but there is no mention of the powers and functions of this new and important official except that his salary will not be submitted to the vote of the Legislature. The obvious objections to appointing a permanent official, who will only function in times of crisis, are not discussed, and no mention has been made of the alternative suggestions put forward by Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and others. As regards the Army, there is general agreement amongst moderate Indian politicians that Defence must be a reserved subject, but it is strongly felt that the Indian legislatures should have some effective voice in the future policy and the building up of a national army. The White Paper is almost silent on this fundamental subject, and there is no recognition of the fact, which was repeatedly emphasised by the Prime Minister during the Round Table Conference, that the reservation of Defence and the special financial safeguards are not permanent limitations on the new Federal Government, but a transitional arrangement until such time as India will have acquired a national army, sufficient to defend her frontiers, and a position of her own in the money markets of the world.

The manner in which the White Paper has stressed the emergency powers of Viceroy and Governors is also likely to cause the greatest difficulties in the future without doing anything to appease the little group of mischief-makers led by Mr. Churchill. The Government has, quite rightly, decided not to exclude " Law and Order " from the authority of the Provincial Ministers. Such a limitation upon responsible government would have reduced provincial autonomy to a farce. In order, however, to meet Conservative criticism the White Paper states that in the Instrument of Instructions for Provincial Governors a direction will be inserted " that he should bear in mind the close connection between his special responsibility for peace and tranquillity and the internal administration and discipline of the Police." One has only to imagine a future Governor with the mentality of a Lord Lloyd, or even of a Lord Curzon, to foresee endless friction with the Minister in charge of Home affairs.

The future of the Indian Civil Service is another point upon which Indian opinion places an importance hardly understandable to the ordinary Englishman. We may be ruled by officials in Whitehall, but this painful fact is hidden by various forms and conventions which minister to our self-respect. No Indian will take a new constitution seriously unless it marks the end of a bureaucracy which has been at no pains to veil its authority. The retention of an Imperial Civil Service and an Imperial Police Force, appointed by the Secretary of State, is an anomaly which is fully recognised as such by many members of those Services. During the second session of the Round Table Conference a memorandum was circulated from a number of British Civil Servants in India advocating the stopping of recruitment. The White Paper suggests a compromise under which the recruitment by the Secretary of State will be continued for five years, at the end of which the matter will be reconsidered. The appointment of another hundred young Englishmen is not a matter of any great importance, but the deliberate retention of a system which obviously could never be a permanent part of a Federal constitution must add to the general feeling of distrust. A detailed examination of the White Paper reveals many other proposals which should never have found their way into a

constructive scheme for setting up a responsible Federal Government. Some of these may be removed during the Committee stage.

Glaring as these defects are, we should not be blind to the immense potentialities of the new scheme. Although Federal India has, alas, only Mrs. Gamp for a midwife, there is no reason to despair of her future if she can survive the first few years. Safeguards and emergency powers are defects of the transitional period only, even if Sir Samuel Hoare has not the courage to say so in public. If, in every provincial capital and in Delhi, Indians will only enter their Legislatures, will use their powers boldly and with a full recognition of certain special difficulties which democracy must face in India they will find that the English, fully occupied with their own political and economic difficulties, will increasingly leave them to their own devices. The few hundred British officials, brought up under the old regime, will be either assimilated or will retire. After a few years the Governors and the Viceroy will be as powerless to act unconstitutionally as any Governor in the Dominions, for the simple reason that they will have no cadre of officials through which to carry on an alternative administration. The real danger lies in the mentality of those now engaged in public life, both in India and in England. The dozen years following Amritsar have been marked by the exacerbation of Indian opinion, by a bitter and terrible repression, engendering in its turn an increasing exacerbation and much unwise leadership on the nationalist side. The result is a kind of political defeatism which can only play into the hands of those mischievous and irresponsible old men in this country who are trying to wreck the new constitution. If India could produce men with the patience and commonsense of Cavour the future would indeed be hopeful. The greatest danger is that a half-hearted and unimaginative Government in London may drive Indians to think that only a Garibaldi can save them.

# A LONDON DIARY

I WAS present not long ago at a lecture on the subject of crime and punishment. A member of the audience, evidently sure that he had found a corker, asked whether the lecturer had ever known of a case of a man who had been flogged going back to prison. The delusion that the "cat" is an effective deterrent is not confined to the lecture-going public. It affects the Bench, and experts of one sort or another still go on repeating the frequently exploded statement that garrotting was put down by the lash. (Mr. Asquith as early as 1900 stated in the House of Commons that "garrotting was put down without resort to the lash.") In Mr. and Mrs. Calvert's admirable book *The Law-Breaker* (Routledge, 7*s.* 6*d.*) a number of recent examples are cited. One man, sentenced to seven years' penal servitude in 1930, had been given twenty strokes of the "cat" in 1926; another, sentenced to three years and the "cat" in 1932, had been given the "cat" in 1929, and so on, and so on. Another delusion, to which I referred in this column some months ago, is that "crimes of violence" in the sense of crimes against the person were on the increase. On the contrary they are less than they were before the war. You will find the full figures in this book. The mistake—which is used to justify savage sentences—arises from the fact that technically "crimes of violence" include "house-breaking," a crime which, in common with all forms of theft, naturally increases with poverty and unemployment. Ninety-five per cent. of indictable crime in this country is against property. But for the grace of Mammon . . .

* * *

I have often heard it said that the sense of parochialism has died out more completely in London than in any other city. This is true only in the sense that we Londoners, if we belong to the bourgeoisie, in nine cases out of ten do not know our neighbours, whether on the left or the right. But if you get out of these higher and duller circles, you will be surprised to find in almost any district of London that there is very definitely a local life and that the neighbourhood is a geographical and social unit, often with great traditions going back for centuries. You may not know the names even of your two next-door neighbours, but if you will cultivate the acquaintance of the old lady who sells newspapers at the corner of the street, you will find that she not only knows their names, but everything about them and about you, too. If you have lived long enough in the neighbourhood to be accepted by her as an inhabitant and one of her friends, she will tell you some surprising stories of the communal life, including the iniquities of the policeman, and you will discover that she and many others regard the neighbourhood precisely as the villager regards his village. Indeed, there is a part of Westminster in which Westminster is still known to its inhabitants as "the village." And there is a street of small shops there in which you will find people selling certain articles, like ropes, which their ancestors were selling in the same place in the time of the Stuarts. It was, I think, in the same street that the cow lived which its owner had the right to drive every day to St. James's Park, selling her milk there—a custom which the great war destroyed with so many other pleasant things. One friend of mine recalls, that, as a child, he was several times taken by his father to buy a glass of milk from the old woman who had had the right to milk her cow there ever since the time of Charles II.

* * *

There are, I believe, still residents in Westminster who remember seeing their ancestors' bones dug up and removed from the plot of ground in front of Westminster Abbey. I share their regret at the disappearance of these local memorials. Inside the Abbey the Dean has begun to remove some of the statues. I hope that steps can be taken to restrain his reforming energies. There is nothing, I think, of any great aesthetic value inside the Abbey, but nearly everything there is of historic interest and the general effect of higgledy-piggledy antiquity is charming and highly characteristic of "the village" of Westminster and of England herself. It is lamentable that the Dean should have the power and will to remove these monuments. He has stated that his reason for doing so is to make room for worshippers. Clearly he misconceives the primary purpose of the building in his charge, which is not a place for worshippers, but for English history and the burial of those whom each generation—often mistakenly—has decided to honour. There are innumerable other churches in London with ample room for worshippers; Westminster Abbey must be reserved for the dead and their monuments.

* * *

I am told—I hope untruly—that a grille is to be put up in front of the Members' Gallery of the House of Commons in order to prevent any repetition of last week's very successful "demonstration" against the increase in the Service estimates. I say successful because the leaflet was thrown so that it reached all parts of the House, symbolically enveloping the First Lord of the Admiralty, and carrying with it a message which was obviously true—that we are economising as a nation on all the wrong things, while we increase expenditure on war preparation. So neatly and skilfully was the raid accomplished that very sympathetic accounts appeared in unexpected newspapers. The important point that I have nowhere seen mentioned was that this was not an individual demonstration, but carried out on behalf of the "Anti-War Council" which, I gather, is planning a sort of Suffragette campaign against war. Not a bad idea if the Council states specific objects. It is no good making a general demonstration against a future war. The Suffragettes were demanding a single thing—the vote—which the Government could have given them, if it had been willing. Anti-war demonstration, if it is to mean anything, must also be directed to bringing pressure on the Government for some stated object—the abolition of capital ships, refusal of munitions to Japan, or something of that kind.

The natural tendency of Universities is to favour "safe" men, with eyes fixed on the past, and a bias in favour of vested interests, of established institutions, and generally of inherited intellectual capital. So I am particularly delighted to learn that the new Slade Professor at Cambridge is to be Mr. Roger Fry. He has ideal qualifications—profound erudition, delicate taste, creative experience of the subject of his lectures, awareness of the modern world, and an unrivalled faculty for infecting his audience with his own enthusiasm. Evidently wit and good sense are coming into fashion, with Mr. Keynes feasting economics in the *Times* and Mr. Fry aesthetics at Cambridge. Another interesting Cambridge appointment is that of Mr. A. E. Housman to deliver the Leslie Stephen Lecture on "The Nature of Poetry." The author of *The Shropshire Lad* is not only a poet and a wit, but he has been miserly of public utterance. The prefaces to his *Juvenal* and *Manilius* contain magnificent passages in the best tradition. Of one German scholar he writes: "They say that he was born of human parentage; but if so he must have been suckled by Caucasian tigers"; of another, that he comes from Strasburg, "a city famous for its geese." Again, of the modern conservative critic of the classics, he writes: "His trade is one which requires, that it may be practised in perfection, two qualifications only: ignorance of language and abstinence from thought." It is a pity that such genius for invective is never employed upon our present discontents.

* * *

From the *Daily Herald* Dickens offer:

> Each book is printed on a selected pure opaque paper. Each volume, which is wrapped in a protective covering of glassine, has a burnished dust-proof top and a portrait crest of Dickens embossed on the cover. The binding of lustrous red silk-ingrained cloth, tooled and decorated in real 22-ct. gold, is of rare and exquisite beauty. Each sentence is as Dickens wrote it . . . The production cost of this colossal edition is over £100,000.

The *Daily Mail* Dickens set

> will be superbly produced with dignified de Luxe binding and specially selected type.

The *News Chronicle* Dickens Library is

> Bigger,
> Better,
> Cheaper.

The *Daily Express* set

> will be composed of sixteen volumes with larger pages, clearer type, and superior printing and binding to that of the other offer.

We shall soon be a very cultured nation.

* * *

This week's prize poster; "Monocled Girl's Thrilling Encounter with Savage Bull." Another reads: "Stamp on Keynes." Next week presumably: "Keynes Keynes Stamp."

* * *

Two girls, house and kitchenmaid, age sixteen; wages £16; early risers; strong; clean; Church of England; fond of cats; references for work essential; no school references; orphans preferred.—Advert. Provincial paper.

CRITIC

## THE DICKENS OF A BUSINESS!

AFTER an armistice of more than a year, gift hostilities have re-opened on the daily press front. It began by the *Herald* springing a mine under Fleet Street with an announcement of a complete set of Dickens, specially produced, and worth four guineas ("Every word as Dickens wrote it!") in exchange for coupons plus eleven shillings. The enemy camp, in consternation, condemned this assault on the white flag, and went to parley over tea in a West End hotel. The *Herald* explained that as this set of Dickens cost them less than their readers paid it could not be a "free gift" within the scope of the armistice; whereupon even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer, and promptly fell over each other in their scurry to inundate the unsuspecting citizen's breakfast table with "Free-gift coupon: See page 11!" The *News Chronicle*, after blowing the gaff on the profitable ingredients of the *Herald's* bomb, proceeded to evolve an even more fulminatory infernal machine, and issued Dickens, complete with all embellishments, for ten shillings. Then from all sides the fray waxed furious. Dickens coupons poured from the *Mail*, and gushed from the *Express*. Printers raised rates and worked overtime; binders, after being slacker than ever in their history, suddenly waxed almost arrogant on being asked to quote for binding 100,000 copies for urgent delivery. Only the shareholders of the Big Four Dailies looked glum at this increase in immediate overheads, and as for the poor reader, he looks like a member of the Peace Army lodged between cut-throat combatants. But why the Dickens? "What's he to Hecuba?" Why didn't the *Mail* issue Karl Marx gratis, and blast the bourgeois *Herald* skyhigh? Our editors have no sense for niceties.

In fact, the whole question of coupon-trading is on the table again. Lt.-Col. Moore-Brabazon's Bill for its abolition, though talked out, produced an interesting debate, the appointment of a Departmental Committee, a wad of letters to the *Times*, a deluge of special pleading in pamphlet form, and, as a ceaseless background, the sound of the grinding of axes. But let us treat the matter here as it should be treated—*i.e.*, as an entirely amoral phenomenon incidental to the competitive system. First, in what does coupon-trading consist?

If you buy some branded article under a gift scheme, you secure therewith, say, 1/250th part of the right to claim another article contained in a given list. You can buy 250 increments of the first article (let us call it the needed article) and so secure the second article, or you can sell your coupons through the medium of some journal or broker and exchange them for others under other schemes. Opponents of this scheme have given up saying that you pay for the "gift." You do; but you get it at a lower price than if you were to buy your needed article at its own market price and then go on to buy the second article in the market, for under the scheme you are one of a vast demand, and you thereby ensure to the manufacturer of your needed article as well as to the manufacturer of the "gift" a steady and wide demand at a fixed price. Quality, therefore, need not be lowered, but the price of the first article is certainly higher than it *could* be (given that demand) if the cost of the gifts did not form part of it. Protagonists of the scheme point out that this cost of the gifts, etc., would have to be spent on extra advertising if the gift-system were abolished. This seems a moot point; for in any case the schemes involve, on their own showing, very high incidental expenses for administration, packing, forwarding, etc.; and in any case, if everyone ran gift-schemes, manufacturers would still have to advertise the relative merits of their schemes.

The next stage arises when the manufacturer of the needed article and the manufacturers of the gifts come together, effect a pooling of costs and knock out the retailer of the gift-articles. The consumer's choice is narrowed. The prices of all needed commodities thereby become stabilised, but the multiplicity of retailers, and of suppliers of articles which are now gifts, is narrowed down to those in the schemes. Nothing could be better as an example than Col. Moore-Brabazon's citation in the House of the retailer of Gillette and Auto-strop razors who discovered to his chagrin that readers of the *Exchange and Mart* could actually buy, through the medium of its columns, 400 cigarette coupons for ten shillings, and thus obtain a brand-new razor which the retailer was prevented by contract from selling under a guinea! Why, the retailer asked, should he go to Gillette's when he could stock his shop at a cheaper rate from the coupon broker?

There is, so to say, a black bourse in coupons at present. We live, like the Germans in the inflation, with two currencies circulating in our midst, save that we can only "buy" certain commodities with one currency. It would be more correct to say that we have now a form of bimetallism in England—with the "silver" restricted to certain transactions and devoid of legal tender. On the black bourses we may find the internal exchange-rate fluctuating from day to day: "Black Cats went to a discount of 5 coupons per cent. as against Kensitas;

Ardath firmed to 3 premium; Cadburys rose sharply on Manchester buying; Levers 3-months futures at 7 premium over spot." In all this, and for the first time, the small retailer and the Co-op.s find themselves shoulder to shoulder; for while it goes over the head of the retailer of gift-articles, it also takes away from the attractiveness of the "divi." You can now get a splendid pair of boots for 6s. 3d.—the price of the coupons on the black bourse. In the last five months one firm of cigarette makers running a gift-scheme has distributed one and a quarter *million* pairs of boots. Yet the output of the boot manufacturer does not look strikingly greater than two years ago or more; and the retail stocks "go slow," for the cost of a pair of boots is spread over 350 purchases of cigarettes. We know of pawnbrokers with notices up at the moment: "No more coupon boots accepted."

We can forecast the England of universal gift schemes. There is already a tendency for wages in the gift-trades to fall, owing to pressure from the manufacturers, who must get the costs of gifts down. In the trades making the needed articles wages tend to rise, owing to increasing output per man; but there will still be many unemployed, mostly shop-assistants, and not a few former employees of non-gift-runners. Family happiness is ruined, because Father has not been keeping up to his quota of cigarettes, newspapers, and marmalade, and so they can't get the coupons for the holiday at Brighton. The economist's joke about the young couple who tried to live on their "consumer's surplus" is a feeble fantasy beside the none-too-remote vision of the pair of lovers in the Hyde Park summer twilight grimly engaged in puffing through their 1,000,000 cigarettes before the furniture can arrive in plain vans. Think of "Scotland by L.M.S., a free rig-out in Auld Reekie, and a bottle of the true McKeay as a souvenir." Or "Ireland by G.W.R., a free correspondence course in Irish, and a chip off the Blarney Stone"—the latter shipped from S. Wales by some enterprising quarry-owner. One shudders to think what it may become in the West End. It seems not quite clear who gains by the coupon system. It undermines the structure of business as we know it. It substitutes one system of distribution for another and in a nation of shop-keepers it is doubtful whether the new system is the more efficient. Herren Hitler and Schacht are possibly the wiser capitalists when they devote their first attention to fostering the small trader. The manufacturer's gain is also dubious. He relies in the long run on the widest possible demand and it can scarcely be to his interest to reach consumers of one thing only because some other commodity, which supplies coupons, is purchased. The consumers' tastes are dictated for him to an even greater degree than they are to-day, and amongst other thing that disappear, for good or evil, is the doctrine that trade is for service and that quality still plays its part in selling even the most widely advertised goods. Finally, with so many unemployed about it seems a pity that all these "gifts" must go to someone who can already afford to pay for a continuous supply of something else. DONEE

# GOSSIP TO END GOSSIP

I SEE that a clergyman in the West of England has been so deeply shocked by the prevalence of gossip in his parish that he has decided to set up an Anti-Gossip Society. It will be the duty of the members of the society, apparently, not only to pledge themselves to talk no gossip, but to assist in the discovery and admonishment of scandalmongers.

This, however, as the clergyman will discover, is not so easy to do as it seems. I myself have had some experience of a society for the suppression of gossip, and even tried to help to found an Anti-Gossip Society in the Gloucestershire village in which I lived. The village had been buzzing with excitment because a draper's wife had attempted to commit suicide as a result of having received a series of anonymous and lying postcards. We had a sermon in church about the incident on the text: "Thou shalt not bear false witness"; and the Vicar, having compared all scandalmongers (from postcard-writers to gossips at the tea-table) with assassins who strike in the dark, eloquently urged us to do something to stamp out the assassin in our midst. Luckily there were several of his parishioners who had nothing else to do. Having private means they were able to devote themselves to social service, living for others, and any good cause that was sponsored by a respectable person. Among them was a retired clergyman with silver hair, who asked nothing better of life than to be invited to join a committee. The Vicar's appeal struck a responsive chord in his heart. He at once approached a baker's dozen of his fellow-parishioners, male and female, who were likely to be free for the necessary work, and requested them to take tea at his house on the following Wednesday and help to organise a war against village gossip. I was also invited, but that, I think, was because the old clergyman did not realise that I worked for my living.

Wednesday arrived, and fourteen of us, having finished tea, sat and waited for somebody to say something. The old clergyman said a few words, quoting Hamlet and other authorities on calumny, and declared that he was sure that each of us would do a man's or woman's part to expel this dreadful hydra-headed monster that was stalking the streets of our village. "The question comes down to this," he said, "what practical steps can we take towards silencing our local gossips?" "First ferret 'em out," exclaimed Miss Pink, who during the past thirty years had quarrelled with every pension-proprietor on the south coast of England, and as a result had been evicted from his establishment. "That's right," agreed Colonel Black, a nice, rather deaf old sportsman; "first ferret 'em out and then we can decide whether or not to tar and feather 'em."

It was then decided that we should form ourselves into a kind of vigilance society, each of us keeping his or her ears wide open for any breath of scandal, and reporting it with the name of the delinquent at the next meeting of the committee. Miss Blue, who had made it her hobby to study shorthand, was elected secretary, so that she could take down verbatim the various scandalous stories reported to us.

"I can't help thinking," said Mrs. White, a rather stern-looking middle-aged lady with thin lips, "that most of the gossip begins with servants. I hear, for example, that Mrs. Green's nursemaid is spreading the most awful stories about her." We pricked up our ears. "She has been saying everywhere," continued Mrs. White, "that Mrs. Green is deliberately underfeeding her new baby in the hope of starving it to death. She never wanted it and hates it. That was what the nursemaid told my cook only two days ago, and, of course, my cook told it to me." "It can't be true," gasped Miss Pink. "I can't believe it—even of Mrs. Green," declared Miss Blue, her eyes shining with excitement. "Sounds like a case in one of those beastly Sunday papers," muttered the Colonel. Our clergyman-president—his name was the Rev. Dr. Dark, by the way—held up his hand for silence. "This, I think," he said, "is a case which gives our committee a chance of proving its practical utility. Here we have an opportunity of nipping a scandal in the bud. Let us communicate to Mrs. Green the dreadful things that are being said about her. Let us invite her before our committee, bringing her nursemaid with her, so that we may thrash the matter out once and for all. There is no occasion for action like the present. Mrs. White, would you kindly go to the telephone and as tactfully as possible inform Mrs. Green of the bare outlines of the dreadful rumour that is being spread about her, and suggest that she and her nursemaid should come over at once so that we may take the required steps."

Mrs. White at first demurred, but everybody else was insistent, and she went to the telephone. As we waited, every face in the room was bright with anticipation. The brightness did not fade when at the end of a few minutes Mrs. White returned, very red and flustered, and obviously on the verge of tears. "I believe she did it," she exclaimed bitterly; "I believe she did. Oh, such a dreadful woman! I've never

been spoken to in such a way in my life. She seemed to go quite mad when I told her. Instead of thanking me, she said that if I were a man she would send her husband over to thrash me within an inch of my life. She threatened to prosecute me, and said that if anybody spread such stories about her they would find themselves in gaol for criminal libel. I tried to pacify her and explained that it was Dr. Dark who suggested that I should speak to her. She said: 'What, is that white-haired old hypocrite spreading these lies about me, too?' I pointed out that it was the nursemaid and not Dr. Dark who had told the lies, but she was quite beside herself and said that she always knew that Dr. Dark was a wicked old liar."

During the speech Dr. Dark kept waving his hands and making little yelping noises. "Oh, Mrs. White, Mrs. White," he cried, when his agitated lips were able to compose themselves into forming a sentence, "it was exceedingly wrong of you to mention my name. I would not have had this happen for worlds. Mrs. Green is a most useful member of our Shakespeare Society, and now I doubt whether she will ever read the part of Cordelia to us again. Dear, dear, I must go to the telephone and speak to her before she does anything rash." As the pitiable old man left the room, looks of exhilaration were exchanged by the members of the committee—all except Mrs. White. We were tense with the joy of living when he returned and sank into a chair, a limp and beaten man. "Dear, dear," he murmured, "it is even worse than you reported, Mrs. White. Mrs. Green positively arraigned me in the language of a fish-wife. No, I will not repeat it." Our faces sank. He shook his head helplessly, and repeated in an eloquent and broken voice: "Blow, blow, thou winter wind."

After a pause of uncomfortable silence Miss Pink said: "Well, if Mrs. Green won't allow us to help her, that's that. Luckily there is plenty of other gossip in the village that we can devote our attention to. Let's get on with the work. Someone was saying to me only the other day that ever since she became postmistress, Mrs. Short has been the source of all the worst gossip in the village, and that there is scarcely a house for miles around that is safe from her tongue. It was only last week that she told a friend of mine that Mr. Long, the Congregationalist—or is it the Methodist?—minister, and his new wife were already quarrelling to such an extent that Mrs. Long threw a plate at him one Saturday and disfigured him for the Sunday service." "I can quite believe it," said the Colonel; "I've never liked Nonconformists. Can't somehow look on them as Christians in the real meaning of the word." "Gently, gently," protested Dr. Dark; "I'm positive, Colonel—almost positive—that this story is untrue." "I have always said," declared the Colonel, nodding emphatically, "that there's no smoke without fire." "But the most extraordinary story I have heard lately," piped up Mrs. Broad, the widow of a rich drysalter, "wasn't about a Nonconformist minister, but about our own curate. I was told to my horror only yesterday that he is a Socialist and a secret drinker." "Shouldn't be at all surprised," said the Colonel. "I always thought the fellow had a slimy Russian look."

Miss Blue was taking notes of all the stories as fast as she could, and for the next hour we all sat with eager faces doing our best to recollect every scrap of foul and malicious gossip that we had heard about our neighbours and to impart it to the committee. Dr. Dark punctuated the flow of anecdotes with groans. At last, he cried: "This village is a veritable cess-pool of gossip. Why, only this morning I heard someone saying that our respected bank-manager has got so deeply into debt through horse-racing that he has stolen a large sum of money and will be dismissed to avoid scandal." The Colonel looked wise. "Things like that are always happening," he said. "But, I know for a fact," I assured him, "that the bank-manager is leaving simply because he has been promoted to a better bank." The Colonel winked at me. "Always stick up for your pals," he said, approvingly.

Our committee, I may say, never met again. Before it could do so our members had whispered so many of the scandalous stories they had heard to their neighbours that half a dozen writs for libel were issued. Miss Blue burned the minutes and Dr. Dark hastened over to the Irish Free State for safety. The Colonel went for a pleasure cruise round the world, cursing the whole race of women as a pack of lying gossips. Meanwhile, gossip flourishes in the village as never before. During my brief attempt to work for the suppression of village gossip I collected more gossip in a single afternoon than I had heard in all my previous existence. Y. Y.

## SPLENDID ISOLATION

*If we wished to be detached and to lead a life of independence . . . we required to strengthen our armaments.*—Mr. Winston Churchill.

WELL said! That's good, strong, meaty, jingo stuff!
Yet does it, do you think, go far enough?
The world's so difficult; if we increase
Our fighting forces, for the sake of peace,
'Twould be just like our Continental friends
To do the same, to serve *their* private ends;
And then we're left precisely as before,
Except that we shall both be paying more
For less security. And if, by chance,
The next time Mars performs his devil-dance,
We manage to keep neutral—even so
(Wars have such curious aftermaths you know)
'Tis quite upon the cards that we may crash
With the belligerents in one final smash.
No! this detached and independent life,
Unpledged to peace and yet immune from strife,
Requires some search. 'Tis not enough to break
The pledges that we gave for justice' sake;
We must give notice that Great Britain cares
To play no leading role in world affairs;
Discard our far-flung interests oversea,
"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,"
Abandon trade, and halve our population,
A little, backward, self-sufficing nation;
Or—if we shun the "risk" of Leagues and pacts,
Yet shrink, as realists, from such painful facts
As foodships sunk by scores, or bombs on Thanet—
Remove Great Britain to another planet.

MACFLECKNOE

## REPLIES TO MR. KEYNES

[Mr. Keynes's articles in the *Times* now republished as a pamphlet, "The Means to Prosperity" (Macmillan 1s.), have again put before the public in brilliant and challenging form ideas and proposals that he and others have stated on many occasions in the *Nation*, the *New Statesman*, and THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. The substance of his international proposals was first published in this paper on December 24th, 1932. Though Mr. Keynes has, we believe, succeeded in converting a large part of the country to his view about the desirability of State expenditure on useful public works. There remain among the unconverted some whose special experience entitles them to a full hearing. We publish two letters which criticise Mr. Keynes with unusual vigour and candour. Mr. Ronald Davison was until recently in the Ministry of Labour and is the author of an authoritative book *The Unemployed* (Longmans, 1929). "D" must remain anonymous. Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—What is the real effect of schemes of public works upon the state of employment? How many man-years of work would be furnished by a loan of £100,000,000, and what would be the true saving on the dole? Mr. Keynes revives once more this old controversy which was fought, but not to a finish, in 1929, when Mr. Lloyd George offered to conquer unemployment. At that time the best examples showed that primary employment of one man for a year would result from an expenditure of about £500, and even that was only on undertakings which called for a maximum of manual labour. Experience since that date gives

no warrant for any higher estimate to-day. As to the indirect effects of the expenditure, they are no doubt real enough, but no one has ever shown that they can be counted upon in terms of men removed from the unemployed register or in savings on benefit or relief. They disperse themselves in so many ways—in thrift, in imports from abroad, in rent, in the employment of women and juveniles, in supplies from accumulated stocks and, most of all, in the slightly increased employment of men and machines whose previous under-employment was in no way reflected in the unemployment register. Taking a sober view, we have no right to claim that, in its indirect repercussions, £500 will lead to a reduction of more than half a man-year of recorded unemployment. The total saving to the benefit and relief account would then be about £75 a year or the equivalent of 1½ man-years of new employment. Yet here we have Mr. Keynes building his road to prosperity on the assumption that £500 of loan expenditure will, directly and indirectly, save no less than £166 on the dole, or the equivalent of 3⅓ man-years. Assuredly this is to raise false hopes, and to prejudice the real case for some expansion of spending on urgent projects. Mr. Keynes seems to assume that our unemployment census and the "dole" figures are a precise index of every small fluctuation of economic activity. It is not so. There is, for instance, no payment of benefit for short time unless it amounts to three full days a week.

There is the further difficulty of concentrating the expenditure so as to produce a mass effect in a short time. Suppose that the Government decided to-morrow to put in hand £100,000,000 of new public works to stimulate industry. They would find only the usual narrow range of operations open to them, of which roads and housing alone offer much scope. In these undertakings it would, I believe, be impossible, without long preparation, to spend so large a sum of money in a year. The results in actual employment are more likely to be spread over three years with a corresponding scaling down of the effects upon the labour market, the dole and the Budget in any one year. Therefore, instead of 300,000 unemployed men all coming off the dole in a single year, the numbers would begin small and end small, rising to a peak only for some months in the second year. There is indeed much to be said against even that amount of "concentrated" stimulus. For it is by just these spasmodic and unbusinesslike plunges that, in the last nine years, we have succeeded in doubling the personnel of Public Work Contracting and quintupling its unemployment (see *Labour Gazette* figures). In a properly planned national programme of public works one of the prime objectives should be to maintain the appropriate labour force in the steadiest possible employment over a series of years.

There is, however, no intention here to challenge the notion of a "policy of action." Indeed, some considerable increase of expenditure now may be well worth having, if it is carefully co-ordinated with other restorative measures over the next few years. But we ought to face the fact that the results in employment will be comparatively meagre in relation to the total field of industry, and that they will be as impermanent as the results of the £200,000,000 of unemployment grants between 1921 and 1931, so long as the general trend of trade still refuses to move upwards.

RONALD C. DAVISON

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SIR,—Mr. Keynes is sometimes charged with an accommodating flexibility of opinion; he hates giving pain to the company he keeps. The charge is false. On "Unemployment: Its Cause and Cure," he has been stoutly constant to his fallacies. He has been at it again in the *Times*, with the old prescription that has done duty for so many differing phases of our national economic debility, the flavouring somewhat altered, the bottle bigger, and the claims more floriferous. Mr. Keynes forgets that his little pick-me-up has been tried before; we know something of its effects. Mr. Keynes has never understood the phenomena of unemployment or the unemployment statistics; he has never understood the productive process, and though he has wandered into politics more than is prudent for an economic scientist, he has never understood the difference between the wide eternity of the economist and the foggy atmosphere in which politics and administration live their hand-to-mouth existence.

It is rash to assert that Mr. Keynes does not understand something. What is the evidence? He wants a bold, invigorating policy of expansion, of loan expenditure on public works. Look at its effects! Consider its cheapness! For every £200 of expenditure a man is employed for a year. He cannot be employed directly without putting into indirect employment another man at £200 a year. Experience is against Mr. Keynes on these figures. Except for simple works, involving a high proportion of brute labour, the direct employment is not so high as he supposes. And the higher the economic value of the work, the less, broadly, is the direct expenditure on wages. Materials, land, legal costs, compensation, all take their toll. But if we grant him the figure, what is his next assumption? That all the men employed by the new expenditure will come off the dole. How can he believe this? Does he regard production as manned by a minimum personnel incapable of executing a new order except by taking on new men? Has he never estimated the amount of under-production, of slack in the machines, of potential activity throttled down, which would absorb a large part of the new demand without making any appreciable inroads into the numbers of the unemployed? On every test of experience he has seriously overestimated the amount of additional man-power put into activity by the expenditure; he has assumed that the man-power would necessarily come off the dole and he has therefore overestimated the saving to the Exchequer.

But not only would the Exchequer save money; it would positively gain money owing to the increase in taxable income. But many—on Mr. Keynes's showing, most—of the recipients of this extra distribution of expenditure are outside the taxation limits. Oh, but ultimately the money must reach the taxable class. The wage-earners purchase boots from boot manufacturers, pay entertainment taxes to enter cinemas, and so on. There is a time-lag, Mr. Keynes cheerfully admits. And the time-lag merely shows the stupidity of having annual budgets. Let your loan expenditure off against the taxable revenue of some future budget. It is, of course, awfully fascinating. These annual budgets, such untimely reminders to a democracy that you must pay for your fun, are clearly an anachronism. A five-year plan with five-year budgets. Why not? A Government could always resign before the last year. What does Mr. Keynes want? Does he intend his loan expenditure to reduce the numbers of the unemployed at once, and drastically? If so, let us have no nonsense about the economic value of the work. Let us drain Newcastle Town Moor, level slag heaps, fill up the coal ravines of South Wales, reclaim, with shovel and wheelbarrow, water-logged lands round the Wash. Wages will account for most of the expenditure, and we can reserve all the work for the unemployed. We will not get much out of taxation, but the Minister of Labour may be able to announce some satisfying figures to a contented House of Commons.

Or does he want us to use idle money—if it is idle—in doing the things the country most needs? We could electrify the North-Eastern Suburban traffic and remove the Stratford bottle-neck. Much of the money would go in compensation, and the amount of additional labour employed would be low in proportion to the expenditure. We could hasten change-over of electrical plant in factories to comply with the requirements of the "grid." We could reconstruct financially and administratively the companies in the iron and steel trade, and some of the plant. We could hasten the reorganisation of the coal industry and settle quickly the question of compensation—with borrowed money. There is not a great amount of direct or indirect labour employment in these ideas—merely some of many—and indeed some of the most "economic" of them would increase the numbers of the unemployed.

Or does he want to increase purchasing power and so stimulate the rise in prices which, he tells us, is a necessity? If so, why go through the solemn ritual of devising public works for the purpose? Why not borrow to increase the dole, and in the simplest, quickest way put into distribution, every Friday, through the Employment Exchange, extra purchasing power which translates itself on Saturday into increased demand? Then all the repercussions would begin. "The butcher began to beat the ox, the ox began to drink the water, the water began to quench the fire, the fire began to beat the stick, the stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to bite the pig, the pig jumped over the stile, and *so* the poor little woman got home that night."

Now for this "rise in prices." It will, it seems, only affect producer's prices, for what should we do if the increased demand increased retail prices, and so raised the cost of living, and produced all those awkward questions about wages and whatnot? So far Mr. Keynes has not vouchsafed to us the miracle by which a rise in prices will skip the retailer.

Or does Mr. Keynes say to himself that of course the rise in prices will affect the cost of living, but it is easier to refuse an

increase in wages than to compel a reduction? Is the rise in prices to be a rise in terms of wages and salaries? To bring about a proper relation between wages in the sheltered trades and the wages that have been reduced in the trades whose prices are based on world levels would be too uncomfortable. We must go round the flank of the strongly entrenched position of the favoured trades. We can give them some more employment by our public works plan, and while they are at work perhaps they will not notice our manoeuvre. And if our manoeuvre succeeds, it may be that we will be able to afford a small rise in wages to the other trades. Especially if all the other nations do the same thing. Some of them appear rather obstinate. They dispute the necessity for making living more expensive by raising prices; they are not satisfied that only primary prices will rise, and suspect that the disequilibrium between primary and other prices and costs will be repeated—the same relationship but with another set of symbols. Some of their spokesmen, and even more of their decisive actors, seem to be concentrating upon making secondary costs and prices conform more to the real value of primary prices. Even those who would like a bold and thorough policy of building houses for workmen to live in at rents they can afford are wondering whether a housing policy not based on economic costs, that is at a cost that the market can pay, is a housing policy at all.

Is it possible—the question is asked in all humility—that Mr. Keynes's diagnosis is faulty, that his cure is not a cure, that his tonic may be grateful and comforting but not enduring in effect? Mr. Keynes has been advertising the cure as only he can advertise anything, but an ignorant and obstinate world is strangely unconvinced. It admires, but buttons up its pockets. "Look, father, look, our son Johnny is the only one of them in step at all." What ingratitude! D.

# Correspondence

## CIVIL AND MILITARY AVIATION

SIR,—Allow me to point out the inaccuracy and unfairness of the comments published in your Editorial Notes last week under the heading of "The Air Menace."

There is no justification for your statement that "there is not an aviation firm which is not producing, by arrangement with the Air Ministry, types of aeroplanes designed to serve military as well as civil purposes." Nothing but commercial considerations enter into the design of British civil aircraft. The industry does nor connive with the Air Ministry to produce civil aeroplanes which shall be capable of performing military duties if required. The manufacture of British civil aeroplanes is, indeed, directed solely to provide the most efficient and the most economical commercial aircraft possible; military considerations have nothing whatever to do with it.

The chief buyer of large British transport aeroplanes is Imperial Airways, Ltd., who, from the company's inception in 1924, have followed business principles, and those alone, in issuing specifications for the aircraft thay have required. The company are deeply interested in operational cost per ton mile. They clearly have no interest whatever in the possible military use of their aircraft, and nothing in the design of them is intended to facilitate use for military purposes. I would point out that the Imperial Airways company's policy has produced a fleet of large aircraft which is comparatively small in numbers. Had military considerations played any part in directing policy the Imperial Airways fleet would consist to-day of a much larger number of individually smaller units, which obviously would be much more useful in time of war. The fact that the company are nearer the stage of profit-making operation without government help than any comparable air line concern in the world is sufficient evidence of their unswerving adherence to business principles.

It is true that certain types of aircraft have been built in this country in two versions, a Service and a commercial version. In important structural details these two versions differ very considerably, and the existence of such types does not justify the assumption that civil aeroplanes are designed and built in this country with an eye to their use in military emergencies.

I would further point out that the official report of Lt.-Col. Moore-Brabazon's speech in the House of Commons on March 14th makes it clear that he regards this country as an exception from the general European rule, to which you refer, "that air armaments are being increased under the guise of subsidised civil aviation."

J. D. SIDDELEY
1 Albemarle Street, W.1. Chairman, Society of British Aircraft Constructors.

[We are pleased to publish this letter from Sir John Siddeley and fully accept his statement. But we had not in the least intended the inference he has drawn from our comment, nor did we imply any criticism of Imperial Airways or of British aircraft constructors. Sir John Siddeley agrees with us that it is the rule in Europe for air armaments to increase "under the guise of subsidised civil aviation," and that in this country certain types of aircraft have been built in two versions, a Service and commercial version. He is not likely to contradict us if we add that most aircraft built for civil purposes is easily adapted for military use, and that aviation firms, whose work is primarily civil, are also busily engaged in designing and building experimental and other military planes for the Air Ministry. These are the facts to which we wished to draw attention because they are of vital importance in considering the problem of air disarmament. Sir John's statement that in England the manufacture of civil aviation differs from such manufacture in many other countries in being directed solely to provide the most efficient and economical commercial aircraft is an important addition to, rather than a correction of, our statement.—ED. *N.S.* & *N.*]

## 1914—1933

SIR,—There is no question upon which clarity of thought among Socialists is more urgent than the attitude to be adopted to possible future war.

There seem to be at least four ways of approaching the problem, apart from the predominantly Conservative demand for isolation. There is the view (*a*) of Sir Norman Angell, who urges the paramount necessity of wholehearted support of the League, with the implication of being prepared to carry out the pledges of the Covenant; (*b*) of the supporters of the Oxford Union motion and such as your correspondent Middle-class War Resister, who regard the League as a failure from which nothing can now be expected, and who hope to organise a mass resistance as the only alternative means of preventing or impeding the pursuit of war; (*c*) of the Left Wing element which refuses to fight for its own or any other capitalist country; and (*d*) of those who advocate pacifism in all circumstances, as an ideal. (The most equivocal attitude is that of the Oxford motion. In the event of a European war would the supporters of the motion urge this country's intervention in accordance with the League Covenant? And does their refusal to fight only apply to those occasions when this country is attacked, or would they agree to defend this country if the other Powers, honouring their pledge to the League, came in on our side, personal enlistment then being regarded as a gesture on behalf of international rather than national interests? I ask these questions with no intention of captious criticism: on the contrary; but because they are details which seem to me important and which did not come out in the report of the debate or in Mr. F. M. Hardie's subsequent article in these pages.)

All the above points of view are to be found among Socialists. The very quarter from which one might expect that uncompromising programme to lead public opinion, for which Lord Allen pleads, is itself beset with conflicting opinions on this vitally important question of war.

Unity of outlook and policy is imperative. Are we for the League whatever the cost, or shall we regard it as a lost hope? Are we for mass resistance and a general strike, on Communist or conscientious grounds? Or what the devil are we for . . . ?

97 Home Park Road, S.W.19. D. J. THOMAS

[Our own attitude has we think been made clear in recent leading articles. It is impractical for this country simply to cut clear of all European entanglements and obligations, and if "police action" was called for by a unanimous League we should have to play our part. But in view of the Japanese fiasco and the recent tendency towards the formation of a new "balance of power" situation in Europe we are sceptical of any such possibility. We should support any effective means of keeping out of a war on behalf of one group of nations against another.—ED. *N.S.* & *N.*]

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SIR,—Lord Allen's objections to the recent Anti-War Congress seem to be, first, that it is "largely dominated by Communists," and secondly, that it expresses itself in slogans and battle-cries rather than in a voice of sweet and patient reasonableness. Now

the first of these is scarcely correct. A belief held in many quarters that the Amsterdam Congress, the formation of local Anti-War Committees and the recent Congress at Bermondsey Town Hall are nothing more than Communist tactics is shown by a study of the credentials report of this Congress to be without any foundation in fact. Out of a total of 1,510 delegates, the Communist Party was represented by only 74 delegates. The fact that many of the delegates expressed a point of view regarded by people like Lord Allen as exclusively a Communist one, is evidence not of C.P. dominance but of a growing tendency on the part of rank-and-file workers to take a Marxian view of the situation. They realise that since war is an integral part of the present system, it can only be successfully opposed by such methods as may lead to the overthrow of the system. Hence the futility of the League of Nations and merely negative pacifism.

As to the second objection, Lord Allen is unduly optimistic if he thinks that a tone of persuasion and confidence, however sound one's programme, will have any effect on those forces which are leading us rapidly towards international war and everywhere waging increasingly bitter internal war on the standard of life and liberties of the workers. There is no time for submitting our plans to "an eager and attentive" (?) public, immediate action offers the only hope (a slender one, I admit) of averting a probable general destruction. HELEN J. MOORE

Kidgate, Louth, Lincs.

[We have been obliged to hold over a large number of letters on this subject.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

## THE ARMS EMBARGO

SIR,—I believe I am expressing the view of thousands of people when I say that the removal of the arms embargo came as a terrible disappointment. The embargo seemed a *beau geste*, but was it? Our Continental friends, who habitually taunt us with hypocrisy, must have looked upon the reservation that it was not to be applicable unless concurred in by the other armament-producing countries as typically British, non-concurrence being practically a foregone conclusion. I look forward with interest to reading the cynical criticisms which are now, no doubt, appearing in the Continental press.

Our forefathers of a hundred years ago were more high-principled; they were made of sterner stuff. The schoolboys of my generation would not have had the boundless admiration and respect we all entertained for Wilberforce and his friends if they had fought for the abolition of slavery subject to its being agreed to by other slave-holding Powers. They did not say, as our "National" Government says, that if millions are to be made by selling armaments to Japan and China we must have our share. They not only asked their fellow-countrymen to abandon all participation in the immensely profitable slave trade, but they voted, if I remember aright, £20 millions to compensate the planters in the British West Indies for the freeing of their slaves.

D. M. STEVENSON

[This letter was unavoidably held over from our last issue.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## CARPETS

SIR,—Mr. G. S. Tomkinson complains of the paragraph in your issue of February 25th, stating that the carpets at the British Industries Fair were monstrously ugly. It is possible that there were two good patterned carpets—obviously the paragraph was not referring to plain ones—among the thousands exhibited, but I doubt it. I have since visited Messrs. Heal's carpet department, where I found admirable rugs and carpets designed by Marion Dorn, Marian Pepler, Robert Kitchiner and Sir Ambrose Heal himself, also some pleasant woven Torsyn rugs made by Messrs. Morton, some agreeably coloured modern Indian carpets, and one reasonably good carpet designed by Messrs. Tomkinson. None of these, I think, were exhibited at Olympia.

Mr. Tomkinson wonders who are the modern designers with whom manufacturers should be put in touch. I have mentioned several, others are McKnight Kauffer, Duncan Grant, Vanessa Bell, Allen Walton, Douglas Davidson, all of whom have designed good carpets or rugs; and it would be easy to name other artists whose skill in pattern and colour could certainly be applied to the design of carpets. I believe some of those mentioned have designed carpets for the Royal Wilton Carpet Company, but again I saw none of their work at Olympia. Surely there is room in the Fair for our best as well as our cheapest products?

The reason I mentioned Messrs. Heal and Fortnum and Mason is that obviously their decorating departments are under the control of persons with an educated taste, whom I should be delighted to take as arbiters in the matter under dispute. If the latter firm show no machine-made patterned carpets, it is no doubt because the factories produce none that are good enough. When I suggested that manufacturers should consult these firms, I rashly presumed that the low standard of English carpets was due to the ignorance of the manufacturers. I now perceive that it is due to their complacency.

If Mr. Tomkinson had argued that the public prefers carpets with meaningless design and bad colour, I should find it more difficult to reply, but the enormous superiority in design of dress-materials over carpets does suggest that at any rate the women of this country are not indissolubly wedded to ugliness. I know enough of the retail decorating business to state confidently that the better-class firms have the greatest difficulty in procuring from British manufacturers carpets, glass, china, wallpaper or even lampshades which they can hope to sell to their more discriminating customers. THE WRITER OF THE PARAGRAPH

## THE HOUSING PROGRAMME

SIR,—Major Nathan, M.P., is right in suggesting in your columns that the wise move taken by British Building Societies in urging the house-owner, in the interests of employment, to put in hand improvements and renovations, and in offering him facilities to enable him to do so, might well be followed by other bodies. But example is better than precept, and if the Government itself were to give a lead by undertaking even a few of the tasks that are crying out to be done, and which, if done, would in many cases show a handsome return, industry, I believe, would very quickly follow suit. There are schemes and to spare all over the country which would find employment for thousands, and at the same time pay for themselves in a very few years.

The Prince of Wales has suggested that we break up the problems of unemployment "into little pieces, and tackle some piece, however small." Building Societies have responded. Will the Government follow their lead? L. HILL,

General Secretary

National Association of Local Government Offices,
24 Abingdon Street, S.W.1.

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SIR,—In a popular volume on Local Government which has just been published, there occurs the following quotation from the late John Galsworthy, new to me, and possibly to many of your other readers:—

> Let us fantastically conceive the civic authorities solemnly resolving: "We will re-make a city so beautiful and sweet to dwell in that those who come after us shall think us mad to have attempted it."

At a time when anything in the nature of civic improvement is not merely questioned, but actively condemned—and usually vetoed—the quotation brings a ray of hope. Galsworthy was speaking actually of London, but he might have said it of any other city or town.

Time was when our Local Authorities were allowed to plan ahead. Is it too much to suggest that those who are standing in the way of progress to-day, for many are, should study the quotation and then consider what our civic life to-day would be like if there had not been some in times past who were "mad enough to have attempted it"? J. R. CLYNES

41 St. John's Road, S.W.15.

## A LAPSE INTO BARBARISM—AND PERSONALITIES

SIR,—Mr. Thomas Sharp states in his letter that my review of his book suggested that he had plagiarised my *England and the Octopus*, whereas that serious accusation is entirely his own, for I most punctiliously (and I had hoped generously) pointed out wherein he had most laudably excelled me. Having so warmly commended a fellow propagandist, it is disappointing to find that one's "whimsical manner" has conveyed the impression of "astounding egotism."

Also, when one is a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects and a Member of the Town Planning Institute, it is a little saddening to learn that one is still only "an amateur" as compared with Mr. Sharp, who styles himself (I have no doubt most justly) "A *professional* (italics mine) town-and-country-

planner." I should be grateful to learn how I too may properly lay claim to that distinction which it seems I may not yet share with your correspondent.

CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS
Chairman of the Council for the Preservation of Rural Wales

Romney's House,
Hollybush Hill, N.W.3.

## THE *WORKER'S WEEKLY*

SIR,—My local newsagent writes to me as follows: "With reference to your order for one copy of the *Worker's Weekly*, I much regret we are unable to deliver this, as wholesalers in London will not handle this publication from publishers." This is outrageous. While distribution of the *Worker's Weekly* is permitted by the State no private association should be permitted the impertinence of a veto. Nor can any possible excuse of policy be urged in favour of this imposition. Communists who want the paper will only be further incensed (and with every justification) by this example of bourgeois tyranny; Conservatives who wish to know the worst should have no impediment put in the way of such enterprising curiosity.

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER
East Chaldon, Dorchester.

## AUTHORS AND TOBACCO

SIR,—It is to be hoped that the Anti-Tobacco League (or whatever they call themselves) have had their attention called to the fact that among the authors whose works are offered in exchange for cigarette coupons, Hans Andersen comes easily first, beating Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray, Hardy, Meredith, Jane Austen, Stevenson, and Scott all combined. (And Shakespeare himself beats Shaw by 33 per cent.)

Such a passion for innocent fairy tales—and who can question evidence like this?—should effectively dispose of that recent frantic slander uttered by some fanatic or other who declared cigarette-smokers evil, treacherous, licentious, dirty, and mad.

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS
6 Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.

# Miscellany

## AN UNVEILING

THE President's oration ended thus:
"Not vainly London's War-gassed victims perished.
We are a part of them, and they of us:
As such they will perpetually be cherished.
Not many of them did much; but all did what
They could, who stood like warriors at their post
(Even when too young to walk). This hallowed spot
Commemorates a proud, though poisoned host.
We honour here" (he paused) "our Million Dead;
Who, as a living poet has nobly said,
'Are now forever London.' Our bequest
Is to rebuild, for What-they-died-for's sake,
A bomb-proof roofed Metropolis, and to make
Gas-drill compulsory. *Dulce et decorum est. . . .*"

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

## "A GOOD LESSON!"

1842.

*It is ten o'clock, and a bright morning. In the Prince's writing-room at Buckingham Palace Mr. Anson, his Private Secretary, stands by the table, sorting correspondence; opened letters he places in one heap, unopened in another. The door opens; one of the Queen's Gentlemen enters.*

GENTLEMAN: Her Majesty wishes to know whether the Prince has yet returned?

MR. ANSON (*in a quiet matter-of-fact tone*): No. . . At least, so far as I know, he has not.

GENT (*hesitating*): Oh? . . Do you know, Mr. Anson, where the Prince *is*?

ANSON (*with studied nonchalance*): Now? . . . No, I don't.

GENT (*with embarrassment*): You know, I suppose, that His Highness did not return to the Palace last night?

ANSON (*as before*): From the Royal Academy Dinner? Oh? indeed . . . didn't he?

GENT (*making a plunge*): Did he *go*, Mr. Anson?

ANSON: Oh, yes, I think so. The papers *say* that he did. Here is his speech, fully reported, in this morning's *Times*; and a very good one, too.

GENT: Very strange, Mr. Anson!

ANSON: Not at all. His speeches generally are.

GENT: I meant, Sir, his not returning.

ANSON (*coldly*): Hadn't you better report to Her Majesty that His Highness has *not* yet returned? That, I believe, is all you were sent to find out.

GENT (*stiffly*): Certainly: I will.

(*He goes. Anson continues sorting the letters. There comes a tap at the door, and—permission given—in comes the Prince's Valet, Mr. Richards.*

RICHARDS: I beg pardon, Sir. I heard you were alone, so I came to see you, Sir.

ANSON: Yes? What is it, Richards?

RICHARDS: His Royal Highness, Sir. . . . He hasn't sent for me this morning, Sir; and he didn't last night, either. He doesn't seem to have been in his dressing-room at all, Sir: not since I dressed him last night for the Dinner.

ANSON: No. His Royal Highness was unexpectedly called away last night; and did not return.

RICHARDS: Oh, indeed, Sir.

ANSON: I expect His Royal Highness to be back quite soon; so you had better be ready for him.

RICHARDS: Very good, Sir. You'll pardon me for asking, Sir?

ANSON: Oh, that's all right, Richards.

(*The Valet retires. Anson, left to himself, shows agitation.*)

But *is* it "all right," I wonder?

(*Nervously he snatches up the paper, then throws it down again. "God!" he exclaims, and goes to the window. The door opens; in comes Prince Albert, looking very cool and correct.*)

ALBERT: Good morning, Anson.

ANSON (*his manner equally correct*): Good morning, Sir.

ALBERT: Is there any news this morning: anything special?

ANSON: In the papers, Sir? A full report of the Academy Banquet.

(*He takes up the "Times," and offers it*) Did that go off well, Sir?

ALBERT (*not taking the paper*): Very well.

ANSON: I was just reading Your Highness's speech.

ALBERT: Yes, Anson: of which you wrote for me the notes.

ANSON: At Your Highness's dictation.

ALBERT: Well, I did not make it too long, I hope?

ANSON: It reads very well, Sir; and it seems to have been well received.

ALBERT: Yes; it was altogether a very successful affair. And I found the company quite interesting. We were talking of the decorations for the walls of the new Houses of Parliament; and I was proposing that there should be a Competition, and a Fine Arts Commission to decide it. They thought it was a good idea.

ANSON: Well, Sir, if a Competition will produce the right artists, it certainly will be. But we have not had much practice of mural art in this country, Sir, I'm afraid; we don't run to it.

ALBERT: We must begin, then, and try.

ANSON: Yes, Sir.

(*The Prince seats himself at his writing-table.*)

ALBERT: Letters?

ANSON (*handing some*): These, Sir, I think, are all that your Highness need see for the present.

ALBERT: Thank you.

(*The Queen's Gentleman again enters.*)

GENT: Her Majesty sent me to inquire if Your Royal Highness was disengaged?

ALBERT: Oh, yes. Tell Her Majesty I am quite free if she wishes to see me.

(*The Gentleman bows, and retires. The Prince continues to look over his correspondence.*)

Now you may go, Anson. Take all those other letters, and leave me these.

(*Anson retires. The Prince goes on opening his correspondence. A minute passes; suddenly the door is flung open, and the Queen makes a flamboyant entry.*)

THE QUEEN: Albert! Where have you been?

ALBERT: To Windsor—Victoria.

THE QUEEN: Windsor? Impossible! Why did you not come back last night?

ALBERT: I did not come back, Victoria, last night; because of the way in which you sent for me.

THE QUEEN: I told you, before you went, that I wished you to be back by half-past ten at the latest.

ALBERT: Yes.

THE QUEEN: At half-past ten you had not come; so I sent for you.

ALBERT: Yes. I received from you this note (*he produces it*). "Albert, it is quite time you were back. Please to come at once!"

THE QUEEN: Yes; I wrote it; I sent it; and my orders were that it should be put into your hand by the Messenger to whom I gave it.

ALBERT: It was put into my hand. I sent back word to say that I had received it.

THE QUEEN: Yes; but you did not come!

ALBERT: I did not come because I was not then ready to come.

THE QUEEN: Albert! when you go anywhere without *me* (as you had to do on this occasion), I do not expect you to be late.

ALBERT: No; but when I do go without you, you must leave it to me to decide, for myself, when I shall return.

THE QUEEN: But this time I had already told you my wishes, and had decided *for* you. . . . I sent again.

ALBERT: Yes. At eleven o'clock, I received this (*he produces it*). "Albert, I order you to return at once! V.R."

THE QUEEN: And still you did not!

ALBERT: I did not.

THE QUEEN: So you disobeyed your Queen!

ALBERT (*serenely*): Yes, my Dear; I disobeyed my Queen. Send me to the Tower for it, and cut off my head.

THE QUEEN: I do not regard this as a subject for amusement and jest, Albert.

ALBERT: No? Then it is lucky that *I* do. For if neither of us thought it amusing, we might have quite a serious quarrel about it. But now—as it is only you who do not think it amusing—the quarrel will not be so serious.

THE QUEEN: Albert, what did you do, after I had ordered you to return? Where did you spend the night?

ALBERT: At Windsor, as I have told you.

THE QUEEN: I don't believe it!

ALBERT: Don't you?

(*Quietly he turns back to his letters.*)

THE QUEEN: Albert, I will not be treated like this! Please to remember that, though I am your Wife, I am also your Queen.

ALBERT (*kindly*): Sit down, my Dear, sit down! There is nothing to stand up about. . . . Last night there was; so I had to. But now I am ready to sit here and talk it over, quite reasonably and comfortably: just you and me, Weibchen, with the Queen left out . . . Please! (*With a gesture he gets her seated.*) Listen to me, my Dear. When you married me you made a promise that was strange for a Queen to make: but you made it. . . . To love, honour, and *obey*. And because it was so strange, so unlikely—I have never once told you to obey me—except for fun, when you wished it. Now, my Dear, as I have not expected *you* to obey *me* in anything—so there are some things in which you must not expect *me* to obey *you*.

THE QUEEN: When you do things for me in public—officially, that is to say—then I *do* expect you to obey me.

ALBERT: When I do things for you in public, my Dear, I obey you by doing them. But you must trust me to do them in my own way——

THE QUEEN: No, Albert.

ALBERT: —not to interfere with me, while I am doing them, as you did last night. That is why, when I started back—after having received your "orders"—I told the Coachman to drive—not to Buckingham Palace, but to Windsor.

THE QUEEN: The Coachman! You told him *that*! What must he have thought?

ALBERT: I will tell you what he thought. . . . At first he thought that it was very strange. But, when we got to Windsor, he thought that he knew the reason.

THE QUEEN: Why only then?

ALBERT: It was rather late: almost half-past one. But when we got there, there were lights, and music, and dancing.

THE QUEEN: Music! . . . Dancing! . . . *In* the Castle?

ALBERT: In the Castle. . . . Behind our backs (so sure that we should be away) the servants were having a fancy-dress ball.

THE QUEEN (*her anger quite diverted*): What an improper liberty! Most extraordinary! And how fortunate that you should have caught them!

ALBERT: Yes; a curious coincidence, was it not? So, of course, the Coachman thought that I had got wind of the affair, and had come there to catch them at it.

THE QUEEN: Where were they dancing?

ALBERT: In the Great Hall.

THE QUEEN: And in fancy-dress, you say?

ALBERT: Yes. Two of them had dressed up to look like you and me.

THE QUEEN: Albert! Did you see who they were?

ALBERT: No. They ran too quick! I went in, and stood. . . . They were all very much surprised to see me.

THE QUEEN: Indeed, I should think so! What happened then?

ALBERT: First the dancing all stopped; then all the music. . . . I stood there, and looked at them. It was very funny: I tried not to laugh.

THE QUEEN: I hope you did not, Albert!

ALBERT: No; I composed myself to look as if I was very angry.

THE QUEEN: I hope you did. And then, what did you do?

ALBERT: I told them that they might go on for just five minutes more; but that it was not to happen again.

THE QUEEN: No, indeed!

ALBERT: And it will not, I am sure.

THE QUEEN: Did you get any explanation as to why they had dared do such a thing?

ALBERT: Oh, yes; it was explained. You see, they were to have a ball soon after Christmas; but on the very date the Court had to go into mourning, so it was put off, and forgotten. And as they had got all the dresses they were naturally disappointed.

THE QUEEN: But, Albert, that such a thing *could* happen without our knowing—well, it means that such a lot of *other* things may be happening too.

ALBERT: Yes; I am afraid so. . . . I think, my Dear, that you had better make me your Manager of Windsor—factotum, you call it? They will not like it, because I have too much of a head for business; but it will be good for them. And, for you, a great saving of unnecessary expense.

THE QUEEN: Yes; and if I do it at once everybody will understand *why*.

ALBERT: It was a good thing, Vicky—was it not?—that I was brought up rather poor.

THE QUEEN: So was I.

ALBERT: Yes? But you had not to manage much for yourself, had you? (*And then—his English not yet quite correct*) What for are you smiling at?

THE QUEEN: The Coachman, Albert! It *was* funny! I'm so glad you went; for now they will all be thinking how clever it was of you to find out! And what a good lesson it was for them, to be sure!

ALBERT (*smiling*): Yes, my Dear. A good lesson. . . . But,

Weibchen—you have not kissed me " Good Morning " yet! . . . . Please!

(*And he says it so simply and sweetly, that, quite forgetting now what she first came about, she kisses him, with true wifely affection, very fondly and contentedly.*)

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

### The Lake

After a successful debut at the Arts Theatre Miss Massingham's sincere and unusual play has been put on at the Westminster. The symbolism of the lake, the theme—property *versus* personality—the solution, brought about by the determined intervention of the bachelor woman (excellently acted by Esmé Church) who releases the only half-willing girl from the dominance of her mother—all this is directly in the Ibsen tradition, but the wedding reception in the marquee on a pouring-wet day (culminating in Lady Kerton's goloshes) is an extremely amusing satire that has nothing at all to do with Ibsen. The production is admirable. The best acting comes from Mr. Kynaston Reeves, who makes his part of the patient and imaginative lover entirely convincing. The weakest spot in the play is Stella, the heroine. Between them Marie Ney and Miss Massingham have not quite succeeded in making us sure that Stella is worth so much tragedy. There is a great deal in Miss Massingham's play; it is genuine all through; it is well-built, and there is gay as well as ironic humour.

### Eddie Cantor

*The Kid from Spain*, the new Eddie Cantor film at the Adelphi, is a very funny film of Eddie Cantor, though it cannot rank with *Palmy Days* as a picture. For *Palmy Days*, both in dialogue and photography, cut a lot of new *surréaliste* ice. In *The Kid from Spain* all the other actors are duds, and there is no great ingenuity of direction. Still, Eddie Cantor is on the stage for the best part of an hour and forty minutes, and who could ever be bored with Eddie Cantor? His last impersonation as a bull-fighter is screamingly funny, and also hair-raising in its apparent danger. One is terrified and hysterical during a long sequence, which has the additional merit of debunking some current romanticism. *The Kid from Spain* is preceded by a quite ravishing Mickie Mouse in technicolour.

### Hilarity Without Wit

Vulgarity in itself is not amusing. We enjoy the low comedian at the music-hall because, if he is good at his job, he exhibits with wit the hollowness of convention. It is stimulating, in a civilised world, to be reminded of the natural man. Unfortunately, the vulgarity of *Gay Love* at the Lyric is untempered by shrewdness or humour. The authors have abandoned themselves to an orgy of bad taste. Unable to decide in what idiom to assault the cheap emotions, the Misses Audry and Waveney Carten dash from comedy to melodrama, and from melodrama to farce. Their plot concerns the love affair of a " temperamental " actress who, mistaking a peer for an actor, comes to try out a part, lets him play the role of lover and likes his kisses all too well. By a strange fatality he has become engaged to her sister, Marie Louise. Here is the opportunity for Freddy, a drunken admirer, to prove his solid worth. He weds the superfluous sister and nobly disappears. This is a subject for farce of the cruder sort. Unhappily, the playwrights saw fit to introduce an interval for tears. The peer's death is reported and the lady and her dresser seek solace in a bottle of champagne. Miss Margaret Bannerman is not able to improve upon the authors' conception of a charming woman, and Miss Enid Stamp Taylor is even more metallic than her part. One can only condole with Miss Muriel Aked, who induces laughter whenever she appears.

### Lopokova

The first performance of *Coppelia* at Sadler's Wells Theatre on Tuesday evening, with Madame Lopokova as Swanhilda, was delightful. Lopokova is as witty, as audacious, as charming as she ever was, and her return awakens none of those elegiac memories which such reappearances are so often apt to evoke. She brings back to the ballet the same freshness which years ago she took from it; one forgets the interval. Her dancing of the doll music in the second scene was deliciously witty, and her verve inspired the whole cast throughout. She is to appear again in the same part on March 28th at Sadler's Wells and on April 24th at the Old Vic; the part in the other two performances on April 3rd and 11th is to be taken by Ninette de Valois. As a whole, *Coppelia* is an extraordinarily good entertainment, and it should not be missed. The second part is especially charming. The costumes and scenery by Mr. Edwin Calligan, a young Scottish artist, are full of a happy inventiveness and feeling for the ensemble that are quite unusual; one feels that Mr. Calligan has a brilliant future before him. Mr. Hedley Briggs as Dr. Coppelius gave a finished performance, and Mr. Stanley Judson as Franz was charming, which was all that seemed to be required of him. It was reassuring to hear from Madame Lopokova at the end that she has not decided to forsake the ballet for some time yet.

## THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, March 24th—
- Laurence Hyde on " The Religion that is Coming," Bogey's Bar, 39 Woburn Place, Southampton Row, 8.
- " This Inconstancy," Wyndham's Theatre.

SATURDAY, March 25th—
- Rugby Football. The Army *v.* Royal Air Force, Twickenham.
- Moriz Rosenthal, Wigmore Hall, 3.
- Arthur Catterall and William Murdoch, Grotrian Hall, 3.
- British Women's Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 3.

SUNDAY, March 26th—
- John Katz on " The Advance to New Loyalties," Conway Hall, 11.
- Laurence Housman. Lecture on Devotional Poetry, with Readings. Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 3.30.
- W. McGregor Ross on " Black and Gold in Kenya," Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.
- " Children of the Age," Royalty Theatre.
- " The Lady of Belmont," Cambridge Theatre.
- " Living in Virtue," Piccadilly Theatre.
- " Ghosts," Arts Theatre.

TUESDAY, March 28th—
- C. E. M. Joad on " The Notorious Oxford Resolution," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Prof. Muckermann on " New Researches on Eugenics and the Trend of the Race," Linnean Society, Burlington House, 5.30.

WEDNESDAY, March 29th—
- Arthur Bryant on " Love, Courtship and Marriage in the Seventeenth Century," 38 South Street, W.1., 5.30.
- Sir Arthur Salter and Sir Charles Petrie on " Internationalism," B.B.C., 7.30.
- B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Adrian Boult, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

THURSDAY, March 30th—
- Carlo Rosselli on " Fascism and International Peace," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Exhibition of Palekh Art. Foyle Art Gallery, Charing Cross Road. Open till April 8th.

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# Current Literature

## BOOKS IN GENERAL

"WHEN are we going to get back to reality, Sir?" It was an old Sussex farmer's foreman who put the question as he was being given a lift out from Polegate or Lewes, where his ideas had been unsettled at a political meeting. Perhaps even Londoners and New Yorkers have begun to ask themselves this during the last year or two, but country people have been wondering for a couple of generations when life would once more begin to follow the course of nature. "When are we going to get back to reality, Sir?" Philosophers will not laugh at the words, though they may well smile at the hope implicit in them. Reality is a hard term to define and it is used in senses as arbitrary as that of the Sussex Humpty Dumpty. He meant no doubt an England before the invention of Summer Time, an England ruled by its aristocracy when it was only necessary for the farmer to know and keep on good terms with his landlord and his landlord's keeper for him to be safe. Above all he meant a time when it was possible to run a small arable farm on a four-year rotation and make a profit on each of the crops, when the prices of sheep and fat bullocks were fairly constant and only the price of pigs fluctuated wildly. He meant a time when there were no Government Orders, few inspectors, no foot and mouth disease, and the pheasant was a sacred bird.

* * *

His question was that agonising one which rises up involuntarily in the hearts of all people who have reached old or middle age. "When are we going back to the past?" Is it not possible for us to set out resolutely, staff in hand and with the unescapable burden on our backs, in search not of Jerusalem like Christian, but *à la recherche du temps perdu?* Can we not invent a time machine of our own which will do all we want of it if it will let us toboggan down the hill we have climbed and find ourselves once again at the starting point? What a safe and snug series of holidays I should enjoy, coasting back again and again to the spring of ninety-six when I can just remember meeting in a sandy, primrose-spangled lane, a great team of immense, slow-moving Shire horses, each beast with a sort of upstanding sailor collar of brass and leather above its withers, and with a score of polished brass amulets twinkling on its chest, while the waggon creaked behind and, at their side, strode a smocked and gaitered carter's boy with a whip twice his height, ringed all its length with brass. How often I should live again the day of the Diamond Jubilee and watch Mrs. Cork try to hold a greased pig by the tail!

* * *

The traveller who wakes up in Dublin has the illusion of having performed such a journey in the flesh as he listens to the continual clop-clopping of hoofs under his window, with no swish of tyres or grind of gears. But for the most part we must be content with the all-too-imperfect and universal time machine of books. My latest journey has been one of the most satisfactory. *The Lame Dog* by R. H. Mottram (Chatto and Windus, 7*s.* 6*d.*) not only recaptures the atmosphere of East Anglia thirty years ago, it also gives a very true picture of the characters of country people whom English novelists almost always draw with a curious falsity. Hardy's Dorsetshire rustics may be regarded as the creations of a poet, but they are as unrealistic, as unlike what one has come across oneself, as, let us say, Meredith's Ladies and Gentlemen. Somehow, either because of the very stiff hurdles which divide up our social system, or because few English writers have their roots in the soil, or because of the continued influence of a false convention, country people in books are almost always unsatisfactory. In French literature this is not so at all. François Mauriac, for instance, can write about both a young and adored parasite from Paris and the family of *vignerons* from which he springs, and make them equally solid. Indeed, if you want to know what English farmers are like from a book, you will do better to read a French novel than an English one, and make the necessary adjustments in your own mind. So great is the prevailing falsity of English literary conventions! It is not a failure to see and understand the poor—poverty in towns is often brilliantly described—it is a failure to see country people otherwise than as part of the landscape. If one has ever worked as a farm labourer, one has had the interesting experience of being looked at as though one were part of the hedge and of being asked questions by visitors to the country, without a spark of interest in their faces. They look at you as though you hadn't got a face with features from which they might receive an impression, and one knows then that they conceive of a labourer as a walking gate-post, or a talking cow, and not as a human being, like a liftman or a bus conductor. This is as characteristic of bank holiday trippers as of ladies and gentlemen, and from their books it must be particularly true of our authors. D. H. Lawrence with his idealised gamekeepers, and his farmers who fall in love with foreign women, is a great exception, but his characters are usually remarkable individuals (too often the same remarkable individual) rather than types. And there are several other exceptions to this most sweeping condemnation which I think remains true in spite of Richard Jefferies's *Amaryllis* and her father Iden and of several of the characters in the stories of H. E. Bates. But for the most part the rustics of English novels belong to a literary convention, or are the personifications of elementary qualities.

* * *

*The Lame Dog*, which is the best book by Mr. Mottram which I have read, is the history of a Norfolk horse-dealing publican and his family, from the South African War to the present day. It is a good novel, not because it is an admirable chronicle of the decay of the old order, chivalry and feudalism passing away, as is etymologically fitting, with the horse, but because there is continual movement and the characters are so alive. The father, old "Earl" Barningham, is almost too hard a nut for anyone to crack, but Mr. Mottram has deduced the kernel most convincingly from the shell, and he never fails in his treatment of him. The description of his selling a horse which was so good that it was likely to create some astonishment at the local steeplechase, and of his rising from his deathbed, after he is half-paralysed, and going to the point-to-point races, stand out as the best things in the book. It is especially noteworthy that Mr. Mottram handles Barningham's paralysis, decay and death, and the break-up of the England he loved, without sentimentality. All the Barningham family are true to life, and so is their psychology. The author knows them intimately: he can speak their language and knows exactly how certain particular words express particular typical attitudes of mind. "That's a masterpiece," says the son Shotover, who spends his life working under his father at the pub, and I have heard the phrase so often that I know the exact shade of its meaning, which is not that of the reviewers. "That's a masterpiece!" I shall not make Mr. Mottram feel uneasy with that half-ironical and yet wholly astonished expression. Mr. Mottram has drawn Shotover so admirably on his first appearance, he has his language so absolutely by heart, that it is a thousand pities that he has subordinated him to mere events and not developed him and shown him as the perpetual wag, the countryman who looks on every incident as the occasion for him to fire off a witticism. That is what Shotover was; Mr. Mottram tells us as much in his first mention of him, but he is too preoccupied with the material changes of the family, and of the countryside, to bring out Shotover in his full glory. For Shotover was Nature's foil to the figure of his father, his humour arising out of, and maintaining, his inferior position. For that reason I wish that Shotover had taken charge of the author and of the book. England is full of his like and he has never been properly drawn. But such remarks are an impertinence, which is perhaps the highest compliment which can be paid, as it is the most childish form of criticism.

DAVID GARNETT

# THE GRAVESIDE CLASSICS

**The Real David Copperfield.** By ROBERT GRAVES. *Barker.* 9s.

An interesting history might be written of the adventures of a famous novel after publication. Any famous novel would do; and the historian would note its fluctuations in popular esteem, the effect of a new set of illustrations, its appearance alongside other books in cheap reprints, its transformation into play, film, and book of the film, and the trickle of paragraphs and sentences into anthologies, birthday books and calendars. Every classic that lives undergoes at the same time this popular death or disintegration. One might argue even that only the neglected books really keep their freshness. Does not Chaucer's freshness for the modern reader come partly from the fact that his work is inaccessible to many people and hence remains outside the ordinary currency? And the attraction of foreign masterpieces, *Adolphe*, *Manon Lescaut*—how far is it due to the strangeness of the language? Translation, however good, is apt to be disappointing; and the sort of renovation that Wordsworth and Dryden attempted with Chaucer goes dull while the original remains bright.

In *The Real David Copperfield* we have the piquant spectacle of Mr. Graves rewriting Dickens. The Victorians are commonly said to be more remote from us than any other period in English history, and I imagined when I picked up this new version of *David Copperfield* that Mr. Graves had taken the saying literally, and had attempted to translate the prehistoric Dickens into intelligible modern terms. His introduction certainly confirmed this idea; for the original is described there as "a dingy and moribund school classic," which has become "emotionally associated with aspidistras, perfect ladies, serviettes, and little Lord Fauntleroy suits." Mr. Osbert Sitwell, it seems, has been able to "add to a reputation for waggery by a serio-comic championship of Dickens as writer and man." I learnt also from the introduction that at least half of the *David Copperfield* written by Dickens is superfluous, and rather more than two-thirds of it hypocritical; moreover, "no apologies are offered for tampering with a reputed classic." The reader who has got as far as this will be surprised, perhaps, to know that Dickens's novel, despite thundering faults, has a good story, some "authentic conversations" and interesting local description. Mr. Graves has therefore lifted much of the conversation, but rewritten the narrative in his own way. He has applied, too, another ending, in place of the last two hundred pages which are "among the feeblest and dreariest that Dickens ever wrote."

This sort of brag and a good deal more like it depressed me, and I turned to the text of *The Real David Copperfield* to see the astounding masterpiece which Mr. Graves would construct out of a dingy and moribund Dickens. For some time I was puzzled by the fact that Mr. Graves was consistently leaving out the best passages and blurring the more vivid touches. It seemed to me that Mr. Graves had written a novel which at any moment might be chosen by some book-of-the-month club; and as I read on, comparing the two texts, the truth gradually dawned on me.

I could not at first, for example, understand why Mr. Graves should go to the trouble of changing a phrase like "'Lor, Peggotty,' observed my mother," to "'Well, Peggotty,' said my mother"; why "ant you?" should be changed to "aint you," and so on. On page 132 I found a textual gobbet of the first importance. In Dickens's text I read:

> "Me, Master Copperfield?" said Uriah. "Oh no! I'm a very 'umble person."

In Mr. Graves's text, the following:

> "Me, Master Copperfield? Oh no! I'm a very humble person." (He pronounced the word, a favourite one of his, without the "h": for which, though it sounded rather queer, I believe he had the support of Mr. Wickfield's pronouncing dictionary. I seem to remember finding in it that *humble* was listed with *herb*, *humour* and *humility* as "more properly unaspirated." Uriah took pains with his pronunciation.)

After this Mr. Graves put back all Uriah's aitches, making "boarding 'ouse" into "boarding house," and so on. This act of gentility disturbed me. I noticed, too, that anything in the original that was particularly vivid, odd, exuberant, comic or sentimental was expunged or watered down by Mr. Graves. Jokes were left out or reported in so neutral a tone that they were no longer funny. Micawber's speeches were trimmed so that they might have come from any chairman's address. Uriah Heep was made a slug instead of a monster. I yawned and yawned—what was the cause of all this dreary, commonplace gentility? What was Mr. Graves up to?

I remembered a little book of his which appeared some years ago, *Lars Porsena*, in which there was a good deal about practical joking. Mr. Graves, I considered, is a distinguished poet with a love of practical joking; and at last the truth dawned on me that *The Real David Copperfield* is the joke that Mr. Graves has been saving up for years. With Oriental subtlety, he has written a book which begins by taking in the reader and then sends him back inevitably to read Dickens. We are meant to turn to the original and discover with an astonished pleasure the wealth of good things which Mr. Graves in the course of his burglary has dropped by the way. If anyone doubts the truth of my interpretation he should compare the two texts page by page. Thus, to take the well-known scene near the beginning when David, aged eight, changes coaches at Yarmouth and has lunch at the inn, we find this passage in Dickens:

> After watching me into the second chop, he [the waiter] said:
>
> "There's half a pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?"
>
> I thanked him and said "Yes." Upon which he poured it out of a jug into a large tumbler, and held it against the light, and made it look beautiful.
>
> "My eye!" he said. "It seems a good deal, don't it?"
>
> "It does seem a good deal," I answered with a smile. For it was quite delightful to me to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed, pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head; and as he stood with one arm akimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.
>
> "There was a gentleman here yesterday," he said—"a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer—perhaps you know him?"
>
> "No," I said, "I don't think——"
>
> "In breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, grey coat, speckled choker," said the waiter.
>
> "No," I said bashfully, "I haven't the pleasure——"
>
> "He came in here," said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, "ordered a glass of this ale—*would* order it—drank it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn; that's the fact."
>
> I was very much shocked to hear of this melancholy accident, and said I thought I had better have some water.
>
> "Why, you see," said the waiter, still looking through the tumbler, with one of his eyes shut up, "our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But *I'll* drink it, if you like. I am used to it, and use is everything. I don't think it'll hurt me, if I throw my head back, and take it quick. Shall I?"

Mr. Graves shows us how simple it is by omitting a few sentences and changing others, to lose half the humour and bite of the scene. His version is as follows:

> When I was in the middle of the second chop he asked me if I would have my half-pint of ale now or later. I thanked him and said, now. He poured it from a jug into a large tumbler, which he held up to the light.
>
> "My eye, young fellow! It seems a great deal, don't it?" There was a fine head of froth on the ale.
>
> "It does," I agreed. He looked very friendly, smiling up at the golden-coloured drink.
>
> "There was a stout gentleman here yesterday by the name of Topsawyer—perhaps you know him?"
>
> "No, I don't think so."
>
> "Breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, grey coat, speckled choker?"
>
> "I haven't the pleasure," I answered politely.
>
> "Well, and now you won't never. Topsawyer's dead. He ordered a glass of this very ale and five minutes later he was carried out, stiff. Some said that this here ale was too old for him. I'd particularly advised him against it myself. It didn't ought to be drawed, really. Of course now it may only have been his weak heart. But it was at this very table he was sitting."
>
> I said that perhaps I had better drink water.
>
> "The only trouble is that our people don't like things ordered and left. It offends them. But I'll tell you what. Suppose *I* drink it. I'm used to the age of it; it wouldn't hurt me, I don't think Shall I?"

One can only suppose that Mr. Graves has done this as an object-lesson to meddlers. Taken in this way, *The Real David Copperfield* is, I think, entirely satisfying; and I hope that it is only the first of a series, to be called, perhaps, the Graveside Classics, in which other famous books will be disinterred, and their skeletons rattled in the moonlight, by Mr. Robert Graves.

G. W. STONIER

# TRADE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

**Studies in English Trade in the Fifteenth Century.** Edited by EILEEN POWER and M. M. POSTAN. *Routledge.* 21s.

Historians sometimes differ as to the most urgent need of our time. Is it more important to go on publishing fresh and fresh documents, or to pause a while and exploit exhaustively the mass of documents already printed? The editors and authors may be said to satisfy both requirements here. It is a work of exploitation, but with large additions to our stock of original matter; and, where the original stuff remains unpublished, it is where this is so voluminous as to put its full publication outside practical politics. All readers, probably, will feel that, instead of waiting for some Customs Roll Society or similar association to be formed, which should drag its length of yearly volumes from generation to generation, Professor Eileen Power and her colleagues have done right in plunging boldly into that sea of MSS., and bringing up to us as much as any diver can be expected to recover within a reasonable time.

The Tables of Enrolled Customs at the end—more than thirty pages of close print—should, by themselves, satisfy the thirst for documents. Half of these have been compiled by a seminar working at the School of Economics, and half by Professor H. L. Gray, a pioneer in this line of research, who contributes also two very valuable essays in interpretation of the figures.

The rest of the book is a collection of separate monographs, not attempting to cover the whole field, but to map out some of the most important regions, and thus to accomplish much of that preliminary work which "is necessary before a satisfactory history of English trade during the later Middle Ages can be written." Professor Power deals with "The Wool Trade in the Fifteenth Century," a subject which she has made her own, and in which she moves easily among a multitude of documents which are never permitted to obscure the general picture, nor to let us forget the living men who are all the time at work behind the dead facts. Mr. M. M. Postan contributes a very carefully documented narrative of "The Economic and Political Relations of England and the Hanse (1400 to 1475)." Never losing sight of mercantile policy on the one hand, or political and party exigencies on the other, he shows very clearly their interaction, and helps us to see through movements which would be quite inexplicable so long as the study were confined to either current of policy in separation from the other. Miss E. M. Carus Wilson follows with essays upon "The Iceland Trade" and "The Overseas Trade of Bristol," subjects in which there is a great deal of human, side by side with the economic, interest. Dr. S. Thrupp next shows us how "The Grocers of London" first grew into a corporation and then governed themselves; Dr. W. I. Haward studies "The Financial Transactions between the Lancastrian Government and the Merchants of the Staple from 1449 to 1461." Then come the already-mentioned "Tables of Enrolled Customs and Subsidy Accounts"; and, finally, full notes on the preceding texts, with references, three Appendices, Bibliography and Index.

The whole volume reflects great credit on editors and contributors, and upon the London School of Economics from which the whole work has proceeded, apart from Professor Gray's invaluable help. To the economic historian it will be indispensable; and it is full of interest for the general reader. The main lesson of the book cannot be better summarised than by Professor Power herself in her Introduction. "Of all the activities of the most neglected century in English history, England's trade has received the least attention in proportion to its importance. It was obviously in the course of the later Middle Ages, and more particularly in the fifteenth century, that there took place the great transformation from medieval England, isolated and intensely local, to the England of the Tudor and the Stuart age, with its world-wide connections and imperial designs. It was during the same period that most of the forms of international trade characteristic of the Middle Ages were replaced by new methods of commercial organisation and regulation, national in scope and at times definitely nationalist in object, and that a marked movement towards capitalist methods and principles took place in the sphere of domestic trade."

Let us dwell for a moment on that word "nationalist." We are often told elsewhere, in a very mischievous exaggeration, that nationalism is a modern curse; and that, in the Middle Ages, internationalism was secured by a single all-controlling Church and a single language for all educated Europeans. We need not here consider the legitimate doubt whether nationalism may be fairly labelled as a curse at all, and whether it is not a necessary step towards internationalism, imperfect as a final aim, but very useful so far as it goes. Quite apart from this comes the purely historical question: Is it really a modern phenomenon? How are we to explain away the fact that in the Universities—those Latin-speaking republics in which the Church had generally absolute control and a monopoly of the teaching—the first thing that men did was to divide themselves into Nations? Or, again, who has ever brought evidence to show that the Latin tongue or the One Church had any more to do with ending the Hundred Years' War than with provoking it? The present volume will do much to reinforce these doubts; not only the preface, but the separate essays, show nationalism cropping up everywhere. Mr. Postan gives us a very timely warning: "We know very little, much less than historians often assume, about the medieval conceptions of state and nationality"; and again, "men like Russell, Hatcliff, and, above all, Thomas Kent, represented definite policies towards the Hanse; and those policies were, during the greater part of the fifteenth century, fashioned on definitely nationalistic lines" (pp. 102, 104; cf. 46, 105, 145).

Again, we may comment upon Professor Power's allusions to Capitalism. Over and over again this volume shows us conditions far more modern than ordinary histories admit. Not only among the Italian merchants with their enormous wholesale dealings (p. 54), or the sixty-seven Bristol merchants who once contributed to a joint venture to Portugal (p. 222), or that other Bristol ship "freighted with the goods of sixty-three merchants worth altogether over £1,000" (p. 241); that is, worth the aggregate annual income of about eighty rectories, or (to put it from another angle) exactly enough to find two hundred fellows of Cambridge colleges "in diet, clothes, and all other necessaries." We find also the great Bristol merchant Canynges employing 800 men on building his ships, with about the same number to man them (pp. 239-241); and wool-merchants who were at the head of great companies. The credit system also was very highly developed: "bills passed from hand to hand as freely as they do to-day" (p. 67; cf. 68, 76).

Yet there is not enough of this to destroy the pleasant impression of a simpler, and to that extent a more restful, world. War, of course, was chronic, and every sailor was a potential warrior or even pirate; commercial morality was no higher, to say the least, than it was in the seventeenth century or than it is to-day; but, behind all that, there is an old-world charm throughout this volume. We don't want to live in the Cotswolds; therefore we "glance, and nod, and bustle by"; we can't do without the club and the theatre; yet the passing homage that we pay to these villages from the height of our car is sincere in its way; and, apart from the professional economist, intelligent readers will find the same sort of charm in this volume. G. G. COULTON

# THE COLOSSUS

**Cecil Rhodes.** By WILLIAM PLOMER. *Peter Davies.* 5s.
**Cecil Rhodes.** By J. G. LOCKHART. *Duckworth.* 2s.
**Rhodes.** By SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN. *Chatto and Windus* 9s.

Each of these books is honest, skilful and enjoyable biography. The authors very rarely differ on points of fact, and in the main they agree about the character of Rhodes. But their feelings about this character are in strong contradiction. Mr. Plomer, one might say, presents the case against Rhodes, Mr. Lockhart the case for him, and Mrs. Millin sums up on the whole in his favour. The jury, that is to say the public, can never agree because judgment in this matter depends upon one's political and moral philosophy, and I suspect that impartiality is impossible here for any intelligent being. In any event the character and career of Rhodes deserve careful study, and Mrs. Millin's book is thorough and documented and very fair as well as very readable. Mr. Lockhart has managed most successfully to present a vast number of facts in a small space and a digestible form. Mr. Plomer is sometimes naive, but his indictment of Rhodes, except on one or two small points, is reasonable and effective. Mr. Lockhart writes like a historian, Mrs. Millin like a novelist, Mr. Plomer—and this is a great merit—like a poet.

The subject of these books was born in a Hertfordshire vicarage in 1853. At the age of sixteen his lungs were threatened by tuberculosis, and he was sent to South Africa. Within two years he was making £100 a week out of the Kimberley diamond mines, and had developed the heart trouble that eventually killed him.

At nineteen he went up to Oxford, but was driven by his lungs back to Africa and money-making. He returned to Oxford in 1876 and spent his vacations buying up de Beers claims. At twenty-six he was elected to the Cape Parliament, and ten years later, in 1890, he was the richest and most powerful man in South Africa. He had cornered diamonds, obtained a large share of the newly discovered Rand gold, founded the Chartered Company, and became Prime Minister of the Cape. His bad health used to make him complain that life was too short, but he lived too long. If he had died in 1891 instead of 1903 he would have left a reputation for infallibility. In 1892 he passed anti-native legislation; in 1893 he seized Matabeleland from Lobengula; in 1894 he annexed Pondoland, in 1895 Tongaland. He had added to the Empire a country fourteen times the size of England, and it was named after him, Rhodesia. In 1895 there was also the Jameson Raid, arranged by Rhodes, together with Beit, but carried out too soon against his instructions. In 1896 the Matabele rising was put down with great severity, and Rhodes ended the fight by an act of great personal courage. In 1899 the Boer War broke out; he had no direct responsibility for this, but his policy had made it inevitable and he believed that the Boers would not and could not fight. In 1902, two months after the end of the war, he died.

The ruling passion of his life was to increase the area of British possessions. He wanted money because he wanted power, and he wanted power mainly in order to place a large part of Africa, and ideally the whole world, under British government. In his pursuit of so vast an aim he could not afford to be very particular about his methods. You can't make omelettes without breaking eggs; you can't make empires without robbing and killing natives and other foreigners. Rhodes was justified in his sneers at the "unctuous rectitude" of his countrymen, most of whom shared his ideals but were shocked by his absence of hypocrisy. "Rhodes was an urgent man with too little time," Mrs. Millin writes, "That explains the whole of Rhodes. It softens his worst actions and enhances his best." Eventually it is not for individual unscrupulous acts, due to impatience, that Rhodes is indicted, any more than it is for the stories, probably all of them untrue, of his drunkenness and sexual license. Rhodes stands or falls not by his methods but by his aims.

Mrs. Millin in her judgment of Rhodes likes to fall back on God. It is, she says, the "Divine Will" that "man has to till the ground from whence he was born . . . he must embellish or fructify it for the world." "The Lord wanted" the Matabele War. It is true that the lion will eat the zebra; it is true that men with guns will not allow men without guns to lead a lazy pastoral life on land under which there may be deposits of ductile metal and crystallised carbon. But why drag in the Divine Will? This surely was that the meek should inherit the earth. The Christian God is at the least a poetic symbol of man's less selfish aims, but a God that merely personifies the laws of Natural Selection is an ugly as well as an unnecessary hypothesis. Like most ambitious men Rhodes doubtless felt that there were unseen forces fighting on his side. And like all successful men he was lucky. But he was also very able, very energetic and personally very likeable. If he could not square people with money he squared them with his boyish enthusiasm: incorruptible men like General Gordon, Hofmeyr, Schreiner, were among the victims of his charm. Even Olive Schreiner at first liked and admired him though she came to regard him as a force of evil. But he lost most of his finer friends, and surrounded himself with third-rate people. And eventually, like most conscious realists, he was let down by his own realism. "I like doctors for my work," he said, "because when there is blood-letting to be done they are less squeamish." And it was the impatience of the charming Dr. Jameson to "let blood" that spoiled Rhodes's career.

The setting of his life is very picturesque: brutally reactionary Boers pursuing the ideals of the ancient Jews; modern Jews like Beit and Barnato piling up rapid fortunes; African natives, beautiful, cruel, and helpless against the whites; well-intentioned English officials, bellicose bishops, dukes on the make, conventional soldiers, and the adventurous scum of every continent. Skilfully appealing in turn to the interests of all of these, gaining and spending increasingly large sums, reading Gibbon, making wills, continually threatened with sudden death by the weakness of his massive body, Rhodes pursued his dreams in an agony of impatience. Mrs. Millin and Mr. Plomer both know the African background intimately, and give admirable pictures of it.

The quality always attributed to Rhodes is greatness. "Greatness is a sort of genius," Mrs. Millin says, and goes on to speak of "this largeness of spirit, this desire for good or evil to go big." "The great man enlarges himself as the poet writes." And Mr. Plomer answers with a quotation from E. M. Forster, "It is the vice of a vulgar mind to be thrilled by bigness, to think that a thousand square miles are a thousand times more wonderful than one square mile, and that a million square miles are almost the same as Heaven. This is not imagination. No, it kills it." One's feeling about Rhodes, I suggested, comes down to a matter of taste, as much aesthetic as moral, and his ideals do seem to me vulgar and very provincial, like the theology of a British Israelite. I would go further and suggest that he was behind the times and consequently a failure. He never doubted the validity of Capitalism and Imperialism (words by Rudyard Kipling and music by Edward Elgar), and eighty years after his birth these already seem dowdy and decrepit ideas. If a resuscitated Rhodes looked at a modern map he would see a large part of his dreams apparently realised: Kenya and Tanganyika are coloured red, joining Rhodesia to the Sudan, Egypt, Palestine, and, with a small hop, Mesopotamia. But Egypt is held precariously, Natal threatens to leave the Union of South Africa, Rhodesia has never consented to become part of it, and the Union is not ruled by Anglo-Saxons. Rhodes tried to swallow the Dutch, and the Dutch have swallowed South Africa. The United States, the Prodigal Son whose reunion with the Empire Rhodes expected, has become less and less Anglo-Saxon. Even the Rhodes scholarships have failed in their object. They were calculated to produce Empire-builders, but they have only produced good fellows. Rhodes arranged the conditions of their gift so that he himself could never have won one. All the qualities that make a candidate eligible he lacked.

When Rhodes tried to enter University College, Oxford, the Master refused, and recommended him to try Oriel—"They are less particular there." Rhodes liked telling this story, but it is possible that posterity will agree with the Master. For with all his vitality and power and bigness, he is beginning to appear a mere instrument in an inevitable but ugly process, the European occupation of Africa. And if I may follow Mrs. Millin in resorting to theology, I should suggest as the epitaph for Rhodes, "It must needs be that offences come; but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh."

RAYMOND MORTIMER

## THE KYLSANT CASE

**The Royal Mail Case, Rex *v.* Lord Kylsant and Another.** Edited by COLLIN BROOK. *William Hodge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The main body of this book consists of an "edited" report of the case tried at the Old Bailey in July, 1931, when Lord Kylsant and Mr. Morland were acquitted on charges of publishing and abetting the publishing of annual reports of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company with intent to deceive the shareholders, and when Lord Kylsant was convicted of publishing a false prospectus. This account is preceeded by an introduction dealing ably with some of the general questions involved (and especially with the problem of secret reserves), but making no attempt to give a narrative of the real drama of the trial.

Now the Kylsant case unquestionably merits permanent recording and documentation. So far as the accounts charges are concerned it will always be the *locus classicus* in regard to the abuse of secret reserves within the four corners of the Law of England, "and of the state of affairs which permitted a great Company to publish over a period of seven years accounts which did not show whether profit had been earned or not, and during those years to pay in dividends the sum of £5,000,000 which had not been found from current earnings but from non-recurrent items of reserve and undisclosed transfer of secret reserves." So far as the prospectus charge was concerned the gist of the case lay in publishing a document which though literally true "by the card" yet taken as a whole was misleading, because the huge available balances referred to represented not profits but losses on current earnings, compensated by gigantic importations from non-recurrent items and secret reserves.

It may be true that Lord Kylsant was a victim of a lax state of City ethics engendered by a lax law, which even now fails to insist on the disclosure in prospectuses of all material facts, but even if one assumes in his favour that he believed himself to be on the right side of the law, the author's obvious sympathy with "the personal tragedy of a distinguished and honourable gentleman who without criminal intent in the ordinary sense of the term transgressed the law of the land," seems somewhat overdone. Certain of the rough edges of the case are carefully wrapped in

cotton-wool, and the book as a whole suffers in consequence. Even the purely documentary portion is, while not actually emasculated, so toned down as to give a somewhat incomplete idea of this complicated and fascinating trial.

Much that is important has been omitted. One would have thought for instance that so artistic a piece of legal window-dressing as the importation into the profit and loss account for 1927 of £300,000 in respect of the Nelson bonuses (an amount almost immediately adjusted by compensatory capital payments which left the cash position exactly as it was) would, as a sheer piece of technique, have called for some comment in the introduction. Not only is this not the case, but the Attorney-General's comparison of the operation to the " thimbles and the pea " is for some reason or other omitted from Mr. Brook's report of the speech. Similarly, the profit and loss accounts which formed the basis of the accounts charges and one or two other important exhibits are left out of the appendices, and the report of Lord Kylsant's cross-examination is in at least one important respect definitely " cut."

It is curious that while the book contains portraits of the Judge, the leading counsel, Sir William McLintock and Lord Plender, there is no sign of the two protagonists. This seems to be almost the only case in the Famous Trials Series where *Hamlet* has been played without the Prince of Denmark. Even the posthumous Trial of Harold Greenwood contained a frontispiece of the acquitted defendant. It is difficult to see why more consideration should be paid to the friends of a company director convicted of publishing a false prospectus to the public than to those of a solicitor acquitted on a charge of poisoning his wife.

Fortunately the book contains the famous Exhibit 21, which gives a bird's-eye view of Royal Mail finance during the period 1920–1929. Readers should immediately turn to this valuable and devastating document.

## AN INNOCENT ABROAD

**A Frenchman in England, 1784.** Being the *Mélanges sur l'Angleterre* of François de la Rochefoucauld, translated by S. C. ROBERTS. *Cambridge University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

When a very ordinary young man of eighteen is sent by his father on a visit to a foreign country, without having made any previous study of its language or history, and spends the inside of a year exploring a small corner of it, it would be unfair to expect very much instruction or entertainment from his account of his travels. The diary of François de la Rochefoucauld should be classed with those descriptive letters written by dutiful sons to their parents at the close of a year at the University to show that they have not been wasting their time. No father would treat such a composition as a document of historical importance, nor would he imagine it had any value except to himself. La Rochefoucauld's diary was not intended for publication. It is doubtful whether it deserved ever to be published.

The observations are both personal and historical. The long accounts of the institutions of government and justice belong to the latter class rather than to the former, and the report of the trip through Suffolk and Norfolk is little more than an uninspired application of the then familiar technique of the economic tour, the interrogatory, no doubt, being planned by the able and intelligent Polish tutor, Lazowski, who made such a deep impression on Arthur Young. There is occasional humour, not always intentional. There are passages which remind one of the diary in Mr. Housman's brilliant satirical portrait of the Duke of Flamborough.

> Sir George Vanneck received us very coldly and, with his hat still on, invited us to enter. No notice should be taken of this kind of thing in England. The goodwill is there ; it is merely the form that is lacking. We retired to put on our own hats and then entered.

There are passages which, if taken from their context, would unhesitatingly be attributed to the authors of *1066 and all that*.

> London was again successively ravaged by fire and sword at the hands of the Franks, the Picts, the Scots and the Ostrogoths.

The descriptions of English institutions are riddled with inaccuracies and sprinkled with howlers. Whether his informant blundered, or whether he himself misunderstood, or whether—as once or twice seems probable—someone was deliberately " pulling his leg," it is impossible to say. These things were only to be expected, and the book is too trivial to be treated as an impertinence. We should take his errors for granted, laughing when they are amusing—which is not often—were it not that the editor, M. Jean Marchand, invites us to be serious by saying, in the Introduction, that " his record, being based either on first-hand observation or upon information obtained from competent authorities, may be taken as a reliable document." If that is so, then it was the duty of the editor to point out the mistakes, not necessarily all that relate to remote history, but certainly those which refer to the customs and institutions of the English in the year of this egregious young man's visit. Neither he, nor the translator, has done so. They do not even explain that, when he says the fare for a post-chaise is eleven shillings a mile, he means eleven pence. No editor can be justified in citing as a matter of special interest the traveller's approval of the English custom of divorce, without pointing out that the custom of which he approved existed only in his own imagination.

In spite of the worthlessness of his observations on public affairs La Rochefoucauld does record some personal impressions of social life which would be interesting if they could be trusted. But when a man can say that the eighteenth-century prisons were " very wholesome places," and that eighteenth-century elections were held without " any suspicion of corruption," are we to believe his statement that " every Saturday it is customary to wash the whole house from attic to basement, outside and in " ? Were the kitchens really as filthy as he says ? Is it true that, while the gentlemen drank their wine, " the sideboard is furnished with a number of chamber-pots and it is a common practice to relieve oneself whilst the rest are drinking " ?

The England of those days is not a closed book to us. Other foreign visitors, as well as natives, have described it, and his simpler, and therefore more reliable, reactions tell us little that we did not know. But, if the book is not to be valued for its information, there is not much to be said for it. The author does not emerge as an arresting or entertaining personality. The information, to be of use, needed copious annotation, and it is very doubtful whether it would have been worth while to undertake the task for the sake of so lean a harvest. T. H. MARSHALL.

## DONNE THE SERMONIST

**Donne's Sermon of Valediction at His Going into Germany.** Edited by EVELYN MARY SIMPSON. *Nonesuch Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In the spring of 1619, Donne was on the point of leaving England with Lord Doncaster, who had been accredited to the Bohemian Court. Apparently, he did not look forward to the expedition ; " we are within fourteen days of our time for going," he wrote in a letter to Sir Henry Goodyer. " I leave a scattered flock of wretched children"—the always increasing fruit of his union with Anne More—" and I carry an infirm and valetudinary body, and I go into the mouth of such adversaries as I cannot blame for hating me, the Jesuits, and yet I go." Donne's Christianity was never cheerful ; and this departure, though the actual journey, as it turned out, proved eminently advantageous to his health and spirits, inspired him with an almost apocalyptic gloom. He wrote a poem entitled, *A Hymn to Christ, at the Author's last going into Germany :*

> In what torn ship soever I embark,
> That ship shall be my emblem of thy ark ;
> What sea soever swallow me, that flood
> Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood. . . .
>
> I sacrifice this island unto thee,
> And all whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd me ;
> When I have put our seas twixt them and me,
> Put thou thy sea betwixt my sins and thee.
> As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
> In winter, in my winter now I go,
> Where none but thee, th' eternal root
> Of true Love I may know. . . .

He also preached a moving and eloquent sermon, now reprinted for the first time in its manuscript form.

Hitherto, Donne's editors have followed the printed version. " The version in the *XXVI Sermons*," says Miss Simpson, in her brief but informative preface, " is so different that it cannot be derived from the same original as that from which the other three were derived. We must conclude that Donne drastically revised the sermon. There can be no doubt that the Lothian and Ashmole MSS., supported by *Sapientia Clamitans*, represent the earlier form." The advantage of the present beautiful edition is that it

# THE BEST IS NO EXTRAVAGANCE

"That's settled, then. Start in on Monday . . . What do you smoke?"

"Everything. But I'm never long without my pipe."

"Don't know where I should be without mine. What's your particular brand?"

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"Extravagant? Not a bit of it! When you reckon up how long it lasts Three Nuns is no dearer than many others that cost you less. Here, fill up before you go."

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includes not only the earlier version—the form, evidently, in which it was delivered—but a version embodying Donne's afterthoughts and the various suppressions and emendations he saw fit to make.

The original version was more irregular but less impersonal. For example, in the sermon which appears in the manuscripts we find what Miss Simpson justly calls "a characteristic touch of personal humility," evoked by St. Paul's phrase, "the chief of sinners." Donne was speaking to the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn; and it was here, not so very long ago, that the didactic and sin-haunted Soldier of God, pursued by the memory of his youthful riots, had existed under a much more wordly guise—in the shape of Jack Donne, poet and libertine, who wrote the verses that have since assured him immortality.

The poet still hid behind the preacher. His sermons, though very often extremely redundant, mere rhetorical hammering-in of his sacred message, always reveal that extraordinary gift of expression, vivid, disconcerting and abrupt, which gives his profane verses their peculiar volcanic brilliance. As a sermonist, we are told, he had no equal; and the weighty, sonorous march of his didactic prose:

> It is true the market is open till the last bell ring and ring out, the Church is open, and grace offerred in the Sacraments of the Church; but trust not thou to that rule that men buy cheapest at the end of the market, then heaven may be had for a breath at last, when they that stand by thy bed and hear that breath cannot tell whether it be a sigh or a gasp, whether a religious breathing and anhelation after the next life, or only to give a natural breathing and exhalation of this. But find thou a spiritual good husbandry in that other rule, that the best of the market is to be had at the beginning. . . .

seems to bring back the hushed crowds round Paul's Cross; we remember those involuntary stirs of emotion which used to sweep through his silent audience at some moving simile.

## SHORTER NOTICES

**This Was My World. An Autobiography.** By THE VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

"At ten," writes Lady Rhondda, "I had wanted to be Prime Minister of England, a famous writer, and the mother of twelve children." If these have not been precisely her achievements, the actual ones show no lesser range of interests than do the early wishes. The director of businesses, chairman of advisory committees, worker for political rights of women, and editor of *Time and Tide*, appears now as the author of an autobiography that is remarkable for its vivacious humanity and frankness. She writes mainly of her early years because, as her Introduction explains, "the nearer I have got to the present day the more impossible it has become to tell anything but the most superficial truth." And certainly the account of her childhood, school days and "coming-out" is written with an exactitude and wise humour that have in them more than superficial truth. Lady Rhondda modestly disclaims all particular genius, picturing herself as a shy young day-dreamer who was jolted out of her narrow groove into activity by sheer luck. She vigorously denounces the theory of "exceptional women" that was put forward some years ago to account for all feminine competence. Her whole narrative—and not least the story of her escape from the *Titanic* disaster—is tinged with this insistence that events alone call out the ability to deal with them. Yet the term "exceptional woman" has a tendency to cling to Lady Rhondda, and it may be difficult for this book to dislodge it.

**The Triumph of Madame de Maintenon. The Rollicking Chronicles of Touchard-Lafosse.** Vol. IV. Translated by HENRY C. SNEYD. *Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Touchard-Lafosse's *Chroniques de l'Oeil de Boeuf*—or as the English publisher somewhat unhappily chooses to call them, *The Rollicking Chronicles of Touchard-Lafosse*—were published pseudonymously by the author between 1829 and 1833. They are a good example of popular historical journalism, their aim being to give us a picture of the period, lively, indiscreet and sometimes inaccurate, rather than a balanced and scholarly view. They make full use of the more apocryphal sources of evidence. The four volumes which have already been translated range from the dominion of Richelieu to the rise of la Maintenon. If they miss something of the essential drama of that strange epoch, one must admit that they make excellent light reading.

**Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage.** Edited by ARTHUR HESILRIGGE. *Dean.* 75*s.*

**Burke's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage.** *Burke's Peerage.* £5 5*s.*

*Debrett* extends to a total of 2,860 pages, exclusive of the Appendix of Royal Warrant holders, and is not only an essential book of reference, but is also full of fascinating reading for those who enjoy disjointed browsing. During the year the barony of FitzWalter has fallen into abeyance, three peerages and twelve baronetcies have become extinct, while twelve peers and ten baronets have been created. The pronunciation of names is useful, but it is not applied consistently, e.g., the American visitor may find Buccleugh as difficult as Buchan, yet he is only told the latter. *Burke* is an equally indispensable work of reference, but it must be realised that the two works do not cover exactly the same ground. Thus, if one requires to find out all the living relatives of a peer, one should turn to *Debrett*; if one wants his genealogy, one should look in *Burke*. The fascinating chapter on Foreign Titles of Honour held by British subjects is also a province treated more fully in *Burke*.

# About Motoring

## CAR VALETING STATIONS

IF a man is running a car on a budget pared right down to the bone, he must obviously economise by maintaining the vehicle with his own hands. If there is a margin of income, two facts should be considered before the services of a valet station are disdained. The first is that a car can be much more efficiently maintained with the aid of the proper machinery; and a complete outfit is quite outside the range of a private owner, since it may cost a thousand pounds or more. The second is that now that maintenance is properly organised, it is extremely cheap; and the kind of citizen who can afford to buy and run any sort of motor car is usually worth more than 2*s.* 6*d.* an hour, so that it is extravagant for him to maintain his own car. The number of these valet stations is increasing daily. The Tecalemit people were operating over 2,000 such stations before the Castrol interests launched their new scheme the other week; and few owners are without easy access to the right kind of depot. For the sake of those who have never availed themselves of these facilities, I propose to describe a completely equipped station in some detail. They have only one defect, viz., that at a casual call one or other of the necessary stands or floors may be occupied; it is therefore wise to make an appointment by telephone, and reserve the stands at a definite time; the logbooks issued by all such stations will show precisely what service is required.

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an unlimited supply of water under pressure, and the necessary types of jet, sponge, and other instruments for cleaning varnished panels, removing caked mud from underworks, and so forth. A car should usually be lubricated before it is washed, as water is less likely to enter bearings which are full of grease, springs which are packed with oil, and so forth. The lubricating stands should preferably be equipped with high-jacking mechanism, power-operated; the underworks are then far more easily accessible than by creeping. At the sides of the high-jacks are situated a variety of oil and grease supplies, together with the air line for inflating tyres. The oil and grease lines include special penetrating oils for spring lubrication; gear oil lines for axles and gear boxes; and a great variety of leads for engine lubricants. In addition there is always a specially high-pressured lead for clearing choked bearings. The grease in a neglected shacklepin bearing may cake into such a hard mass that only a pressure of 5,000 lbs. per square inch will dislodge it, and permit the bush to be packed with fresh grease. Yet a third stand will take the form of a special brake-testing platform, on which the brake of each wheel is individually tested, its efficiency being visibly recorded on dials set at eye-height, so that the owner can satisfy himself that the whole of his theoretic brake-power is actually available before he leaves. All this mechanism is normally operated by mechanics trained by the firm who installed the machinery. The whole of it is designed to supply *clean* lubricants. This is in sharp contrast with the casual methods of a decade ago, when open cans of oil and grease collected all sorts of grit and filth and the grease guns lay about in dusty places, and injected dirt into the bearings of customers' cars.

This picture possibly conjures up a vision of long delays whilst the staff perform their ministrations. Car-washing is essentially a tedious business. But none of the other attentions which constitute maintenance routine is lengthy. Brake-adjusting is executed with the aid of the machine in a surprisingly short time, and after all this work is only needed perhaps twice in a season. The tyre-inflations, spring lubrications, sump replenishments, and all-round greasing are all very brief affairs. And here the Tecalemit or Castrol logbook furnishes a most efficient guide. It informs the attendant how many miles have been covered since the item under suspicion last received service, and a glance at the record enables him to estimate the definite time required for the work in hand. At the worst the whole gamut of attentions can be rendered whilst the owner takes a meal at a neighbouring inn, always supposing that the stands are clear of cars at his arrival. The speed and efficiency of the mechanics is in pleasant contrast with the vague saunterings which characterised ordinary garage work before these new schemes were put into action. And the charges are astonishingly low. Many of these stations will quote an inclusive annual figure for a series of twelve monthly visits, disclaiming all extras beyond the list price of the required supplies of oil, and any spare parts found necessary.

There is further no doubt that the service is more efficient than owner labours in a private garage. To single out one illustration, the suspension of the ordinary privately maintained car is hardly ever efficient. When the weight is borne by the shackles it is practically impossible to charge the bearings fully with a hand gun; and few owners will face the labour of jacking up each spring separately. But if the car is driven on to a service stand all weight is instantly taken off the bushes, and a high-pressure gun drives out all the stale grease, and packs the entire space cram full of fresh lubricant. Further, it is not easy for a private owner personally to drive a penetrating oil over the whole surface between the leaves of his springs. Yet this ideal is attained in a matter of seconds at any modern valeting station; and the springs respond by giving of their best on the road for at least 500 miles. The station carries a complete stock of nipples, and effects a lightning change of any nipple which is hopelessly choked. But in private maintenance if the grease gun refuses to act the owner has no spare nipple at hand, and is probably perplexed to discover whether the gun is out of order, or the nipple is choked, or the nipple is clear and the bearing offering an unusual resistance for some undiscoverable reason. Again, how many owners regularly drain their axles and gear boxes, and refill them to the correct level? But the station mechanics simplify the task by high-jacking the car, drain the component completely, flush it if required, and read off a chart the precise amount of a named lubricant required to replenish that particular component of the car in question. The system is cheap, time-saving, and efficient. It should be utilised by every owner who can afford the small charges involved.

R. E. DAVIDSON

# Playtime

## CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

### PROBLEM 13.—APHRODITE

A statue of Aphrodite stands in the entrance hall at Mugby School. To celebrate a victory over Gigglesborough, she is adorned overnight with a thick coat of green paint. It is known that a member of the Classical VI is responsible for this outrage.

Dr. Tickletoes assembles the nine members of that form and asks each of them who painted the statue. The replies he receives are as follows:

*Roland Ackers:* "Percy Campbell, Sir."
*Alec Heath:* "No, Sir, it was not Percy Campbell."
*Ted Lloyd:* "I did it, Sir."
*Fred Pritchard:* "It was either Lloyd or Cook, Sir."
*Percy Campbell:* "Heath is not telling the truth, Sir."
*Tom Jones:* "It was Ted Lloyd, Sir."
*John Summers:* "It was not Ted Lloyd, Sir."
*Walter Cook:* "It was neither Ted Lloyd nor I, Sir."
*Charlie Bates:* "Walter Cook is right, Sir; and it wasn't Percy Campbell either."

*Given that of these nine statements three, and three only, are true, of which boys can it be stated with certainty that they did not paint the statue?*

### PROBLEM 11.—SAVINGS

| | |
|---|---|
| Peter | is 17. |
| Dorothy | is 14. |
| Henry | is 12. |
| Margery | is 9. |

The algebraic solution is not difficult.
If Henry's age at the beginning of the year is $x$.
Peter's age is $x + 5$.
And if Margery's age is $y$.
Dorothy's age is $y + 5$.

Hence:

$$x^3 + (x+5)^3 - y^3 - (y+5)^3 = (x-1)^3 + (x+4)^3 - (y-1)^3 - (y+4)^3 + 450.$$

i.e., $(x + y + 4)(x - y) = 75$.

Three substitutions in integers will satisfy this equation:

| | | I. | II. | III. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| $x + y + 4$ | = | 75 | 25 | 15 |
| $x - y$ | = | 1 | 3 | 5 |
| Whence $x$ | = | 36 | 12 | 8 |
| $y$ | = | 35 | 9 | 3 |

The first is, for obvious reasons, a less likely solution than the second and has not been put forward by any solver. The third is ruled out by Margery's conversation. I do not think any child of three, however precocious, could discuss investment and cubes intelligently. Hence solution III. is, I fear, not acceptable save where it is put forward (as it is by most solvers) as an unlikely alternative to solution II.

### PROBLEM 10.—DANGEROUS AGES

A set of Low's Cartoons is awarded to:
A. R. Morcom, The Clock House, Bromsgrove.

There were eighty-four correct and seven incorrect solutions.

On the cumulative point basis, *seven* points are awarded for this problem. The composer, Mr. Clarke, receives twelve points.

The following should be added to the list of those who solved the first seven problems:

F. Addison, Sir H. Fountain, H. M. Hutchinson, A. L. Jones, A. C. Lynch, Potomac, A. G. Stripp.

Next week I shall be out of town. The awards in connection with Problem 11 will therefore stand over for a week, and will appear, together with the awards for Problem 12, in the issue of April 8th.

### PRIZES FOR PROBLEM-SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution elected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of December 24th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

CALIBAN

# To what lengths?

Here is a true story showing to what lengths one of our youngest customers went to achieve a Goss suit.

From one of our famous Schools, the youth was coming up to town on his half holiday to be fitted for a suit. But his borrowed car was ancient and the day foggy; consequently he reached us with literally no time to spare if he was to arrive back before roll-call. With his eye on the clock he started to undress, but after a few minutes he decided it couldn't be done—he must dash back and come another time.

So off he went, but on the outskirts of London, swerving to avoid a car backing out of a garage, he collided with an oncoming coach. Fortunately he was unhurt, but the car wasn't, and he was compelled to push it into a garage. He took a taxi, but again his luck was out; the taxi hit a curb and was put out of action. Running to the nearest station he caught a train, and then his luck turned, for the school were making preparations for some show and his tardy return passed unnoticed.

Undaunted by all this, the youth made a less exciting journey later and he now has his Goss suit.

This little story hardly bears out the fact that it is very easy to get to Goss's! But it is. Their modest first floor premises are almost opposite the Post Office Tube Station and many bus routes pass the door. Both the Gosses are usually in; one is always here. Extra early or late appointments are made to suit customers convenience, or either of the brothers can arrange to take measurements, and fit in your own office if need be.

The measuring, cutting and fitting are done by the Goss brothers personally, and unusually low overheads make possible really first-grade tailoring at very moderate charges. A Goss suit or overcoat now costs from Seven to Nine Guineas, but a thoroughly reliable suit can be (and is) made at Six Guineas.

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# A Story

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◆ ◆ ◆

*Is this the story of your razor? Do you put an unnecessary strain on it every morning by using inferior shaving soap? Parke-Davis Shaving Cream will make the razor slide smoothly through the beard without scraping or tearing, leaving the face like velvet. If you have not yet tried Parke-Davis Shaving Cream send now for 7-day free sample tube to Euthymol (Box 119/S) 50 Beak Street, London, W.1.*

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# THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE ADVANCE TO A 3 PER CENT. BASIS—SIGNIFICANCE OF 2½ PER CENT. CONVERSION—ROOSEVELT AND OIL—DISCOUNT MARKET

THE new 2½ per cent. Conversion Loan has been welcomed on all sides as a bonny new addition to the Conversion family. We have Conversion Fives, Four-and-a-half, Three-and-a-half, Threes and now little Two-and-a-half. Many gossips in the City declare that we shall see a baby "Two" before the year is out. The Treasury has again demonstrated its skill in financial midwifery. A comparison between the birthdays of the Fives and the Two-and-a-half is not without interest. Only three years and four months separate them. Both were born out of an excess of floating debt, but there the likeness ends. The Fives were issued in November, 1929, when the then Chancellor, Mr. Philip Snowden, was alarmed by a financial crisis and an unbalanced Budget. "Panic Fives" I have fairly called them, for a cheaper rate could have been obtained three months afterwards. This disgrace to the family cannot be removed until 1944, the earliest date for repayment. The floating debt in December, 1929, was £857 millions. To-day it is over £820 millions, having increased by £208 millions in the last twelve months. This increase has been due mainly to the financing of the Exchange Equalisation Fund and the disbursement of £23 millions on bonus and commissions in the conversion of War Loan. Thus, unlike the 1929 occasion, little or none of the increase in the floating debt has been brought about by an unbalanced budget. The present volume of £790 millions of Treasury bills requires, therefore, no drastic treatment and the Treasury is proceeding slowly by offering 2½ per cent. Conversion Loan, 1944–49, by tender simultaneously with the issue by tender of Treasury bills. Not more than £5 millions of the new Conversion Loan will be offered with the £40 millions of Treasury bills this week. The scheme follows Treasury practice from 1922 to 1926, when simultaneous issues by tender of Treasury bills and bonds were made from time to time. Over that period of declining interest rates £220 millions of the floating debt were funded. To-day the job should be more expeditiously done. The first week's issue will, of course, be a farce as the Government departments are sure to tender to "make" the price.

* * *

Before congratulating the Government upon its cleverness in matters of finance, we should remember that it is the depression which has managed interest rates for the Government, not the Government which has managed the depression. Consider the precipitate fall in the Treaury bill rate—from an average of over 3½ per cent. in 1931 to an average of 1½ per cent. in the first half and about ¾ per cent. in the second half of 1932, and finally in the last four weeks from 17*s.* 3*d.* to 8*s.* 10.9*d.* per cent. The ingenious part of the 2½ per cent. Conversion scheme is that it puts the gilt-edged market more than ever under the control of the Treasury. The authorities need only issue the Conversion stock when it suits them. The tenders will be made through banks, discount houses or brokers and the stock dealt in on the Stock Exchange. If the "managed" tenders allow a price of, say, 93½ to yield 3 per cent. on redemption the price of Conversion 3 per cent. will adjust itself and the long-dated stocks will move in sympathy. The Treasury has it in its power to order a new advance in the gilt-edged market to a 3 per cent. yield basis. I believe it intends to do so. Here are the present prices :—

| | High 1932. | Prices 1933 March 8. | Prices 1933 March 22. | Yield % Annual. | Yield % With redn. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Medium-dated— | | | | | |
| Consols 4% (1957 or after) | 111 | 107½ | 109¼ | £3 13 5 | £3 9 1 (1957) |
| Conversion 3% 1948–53 | Issue Price. 97½ | 97 | 99¼ | £3 0 7 | £3 1 5 (1953) |
| Conversion 4½% 1940–44 | 112 16/32 | 110½ | 111⅛ | £4 1 5 | £2 18 2 (1940) |
| Conversion 5% 1944–64 | 117½ | 117 | 118¼ | £4 5 9 | £3 5 1 (1944) |
| Long-Dated— | | | | | |
| Funding 4% 1960–90 | 110½ | 110½ | 112⅛ | £3 11 9 | £3 7 6 (1960) |
| Victory 4% by 1976 | 110½ | 107½ | 109¼ | £3 13 0 | £3 9 7 (to av. life 29 years) |
| Virtually Irredeemable*— | | | | | |
| Consols 2½% | 78½ | 73xd | 75 | £3 6 11 | — |
| Conversion 3½% (1961 or after) | 102½ | 98 | 100⅜ | £3 9 9 | — |
| War Loan 3½% (1952 or after) | 103⅜ | 99½ | 101½ | £3 9 8 | — |
| Local Loans 3% | 92½ | 85½xd | 88½ | £3 8 0 | — |

* When War Loan and Conversion 3½% are above par they must be regarded as redeemable stock.

What are the dangers in the gilt-edged market? I see no immediate threat in the trade position. The economic war goes on and there is no sign yet of a revival in world trade which would induce the joint stock banks to withdraw large funds from the gilt-edged market. Indeed, the joint stock banks are still in desperate pursuit of income and for that reason are more inclined to buy the long-dated or medium-dated Government stocks than the short or bills. Further, there is no threat to the gilt-edged market in Mr. Keynes's proposals for increased loan expenditures even if they are carried out in full. Finally there is the Budget and the sterling exchange. In my opinion, until stabilisation in the exchanges has been reached the gilt-edged market can go ahead. In one respect it is on firmer ground than it was before the American banking crisis. Deflation in America implies a recovery in U.S. Government credit and the bond market and an ultimate lowering of investment yields. President Roosevelt appears to be following the British plan of lowering the long-term rate of interest in the hope of stimulating a normal trade expansion. One firm of brokers goes so far as to suggest: "If deflation holds the field in America, low investment yields in London will be countered by still lower rates in New York: in other words, America will come back to British standards, Great Britain will not go down to American." This may be some time ahead, for bank liquidation is interfering with the New York bond market, but investors should bear in mind that when the exchanges have been stabilised and conditions become more settled in America and France, the gilt-edged market will have to meet with a certain flow of capital abroad. For the time being the advance will go on, if the budget allows, to a 3 per cent. yield basis. The Government has a debt to pay to the gallant holders of War Loan who gave up 5 per cent. for 3½ per cent. It made them poorer in income but it can make them richer on paper.

* * *

President Roosevelt has gone so wet that he is proposing, I am told, to have home-produced alcohol mixed with gasoline. This no doubt is to encourage the agricultural states, but as the President is taking a personal interest in the resurrection of the oil industry I can hardly credit this report. The whole oil industry in America is hopelessly demoralised and disorganised by the slump in prices. Gasoline (petrol) of our "No. 3" grade has been selling in bulk ex refinery at 2½ cents per U.S. gallon—cheaper even than kerosene. The trouble has been to legalise and enforce the restriction of crude oil production. The Federal Court has again decided that the curtailment orders issued by the restricting authority in Texas—the Texas Railroad Commission—are unconstitutional. Even if they are legalised there remains the problem of the illegally produced oil, which the trade calls "hot oil" production. The key to the situation is in transport. "Hot oil" will not be produced unless it can be shipped immediately away from the fields. The pipelines can be controlled but not the railways. Recently the Texas Railroad Commission issued an order prohibiting the railroads from accepting any crude oil unless the source of the oil had been approved by the Commission. This interference with the duties of a "common carrier" was declared unconstitutional and shipments of "hot oil" are increasing at an alarming rate. It is too early to buy oil shares, but if President Roosevelt can put the oil industry on its feet by enforcing nation-wide restriction and prohibiting the "illegal" production it will be the beginning of the recovery in oil stocks. My choice would be Shell Union 5½ per cent. preferred stock around 30.

* * *

Incidentally the new 2½ per cent. Conversion Loan does not please the discount market. It is too "long" to be used as a "floater," i.e. as collateral for borrowing from the banks, and its influence on discount rates is either negative or adverse. Discount houses have to pay the joint stock banks a minimum of 1 per cent. for call money. They are being slowly starved to death and the Bank of England shows no readiness to come to their help. It is clear that the smaller discount houses must either amalgamate or expire. The clearing banks are discussing this week a reduction in their deposit rate from ½ per cent. to ¼ per cent. or even ⅛ per cent. A deposit rate of ¼ per cent. would allow a reduction in the call money rate and give some relief to the discount houses. Now either the discount market is a useful piece of machinery in short-term financing or it is not. It is true that with the collapse in foreign trade the main function of the discount market has disappeared. The joint stock banks are not anxious to see the market diverted to the financing of inland trade by the use of inland bills. But a decision on this point of principle should not be forced by the joint stock banks: it is a national question which should be decided by the Bank of England on the Government initiative.

# London Amusements

## MATINEES

*All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.*

**ALDWYCH.** A Bit of a Test. Wed., Fri

**DRURY LANE.** Wild Violets. Wed. & Sat.

**DUCHESS.** Children in Uniform. Wed., Sat.

**HIPPODROME.** The One Girl. Wed., Sat.

**QUEEN'S.** Once in a Lifetime. Wed., Sat.

**ST. MARTIN'S.** The Green Bay Tree. Tu.W.F.

**SAVOY.** Jolly Roger. Wed. & Sat.

**WESTMINSTER.** The Lake. Wed., Sat.

## THEATRES

**ALDWYCH.** Tem. 6404. 8.15. Wed., Fri., 2.30.
RALPH LYNN in
**A BIT OF A TEST.**
By Ben Travers.

**CROYDON REPERTORY.** Fairfield 4529
March 27 for one week at 8 p.m. (Sat. 5 p.m. and 8.15 p.m.)
**AUTUMN CROCUS.**
By C. L. ANTHONY.
All seats bookable, 1/6 to 3/6. Close to W. Croydon Stn.

**DRURY LANE.** Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
HASSARD SHORT'S production of
**WILD VIOLETS.**
A Musical Comedy Operetta. Tem. 7171.

**DUCHESS,** Aldwych, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 8243 & 4.
Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. 196 PERFORMANCES.
**CHILDREN IN UNIFORM.**
N.B. NEW PRICES 2/- to 6/-, including tax.

**HIPPODROME.** Ger. 3272. 8.15. W. & S., 2.30.
**THE ONE GIRL.**
Lupino Lane, Arthur Riscoe, Louise Brown,
Mireille Perrey, Roy Royston, Robert Naylor, Etc.

**QUEEN'S THEATRE.** (Ger. 4517).
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30
BARRY JACKSON presents:—
**ONCE IN A LIFETIME**
by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman.

**ST. MARTIN'S.** (Tem. Bar 1443).
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Tues., Wed. & Fri. at 2.30.
**THE GREEN BAY TREE**
by Mordaunt Shairp.

**SAVOY.** Evgs., 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. Bar 8888.
GEORGE ROBEY in
**JOLLY ROGER.**
"It was an evening of triumph from the beginning to the end."—*Daily Telegraph.*

**WESTMINSTER THEATRE.** Vic. 0283 & 0284.
Palace St., Buckingham Gate, S.W. Adm. 2/5 to 10/6.
EVENINGS 8.30. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ANMER HALL presents:
MARIE NEY in **THE LAKE.**
By Dorothy Massingham and Murray Macdonald.

## PICTURE THEATRES

**COLISEUM.** Charing Cross. Com. Mon., March 27.
Continuous from Noon (Sundays from 6 p.m.)
MARLENE DIETRICH & HERBERT MARSHALL
in **BLONDE VENUS** and CLIVE BROOK in
*SHERLOCK HOLMES.* Price 1/- to 3/9, includ. Tax.

**EMPIRE Leic. Sq.** Ger. 1234 10 a.m.—12. p.m.
BUSTER **KEATON,** 'SCHNOZZLE' **DURANTE**
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LAUREL & HARDY in their newest screamie,
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STEUART WILSON. KEITH FALKNER.
LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
Conductor—ADRIAN BOULT
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IN BEST PART OF HOLLAND PARK.—Basement Flat. 3 rooms (one 30 feet), bath, scullery, own entrance, good storeroom, lino, £2.5s. Also good groundfloor room, 30 feet, with bath. Apply Park 9704, before 10 a.m. or after 6.

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An Exhibition of Contemporary English Lettering.
Weekdays 10—6.
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A LECTURE on "Love, Courtship and Marriage in the Seventeenth Century" will be given (in aid of the Walter Hines Page Travelling Scholarships for Teachers) by Mr. Arthur Bryant at 37 South Street, Park Lane, W.1 (kindly lent by the Hon. Mrs. Henry McLaren) on Wednesday, March 29th, at 5.30 p.m. The chair will be taken by Lord David Cecil. Tickets, price 7s. 6d. each, obtainable from the Secretary of the Common Interests Committee, English-Speaking Union, 37 Charles Street, W.1.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, March 26th, at 11 a.m.
JOHN KATZ, B.A. THE ADVANCE TO NEW LOYALTIES.
Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

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BOURNEMOUTH'S FOOD REFORM GUEST HOUSE, Loughtonhurst, West Cliff Gdns. Everything for a restful and happy holiday. From 49s. to 70s. P.W. Write to Manager for Prospectus.

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